The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1902.

The Week.

Why do the Imperialist newspapers keep on day after day writing down Senator Hoar's speech? This seems to us a mistake in strategy. Their first day's attitude was the correct one—a kind of pityingly generous sparing of the errors of a well-meaning but sentimental old gentleman. Of course, they could rake him fore and aft—but there! they would not hurt the veteran's feelings. This was the true line for them to take, but, once adopted, it required consistency in holding to it. Instead of that, our brothers of the Imperialist press have taken to refuting the Senator's speech again and again—doing it seriously, even in anger. To our humble lights, this appears to be a sad blunder. Do they not see that this course will make their readers think that there was something in the speech after all? Will not their repeated confutations wear painfully the air of gnawing a file? Really, if they persist, they may incite people to go and read the speech for themselves—and that is the last thing an Imperialist editor could desire.

Under the antiquated law which governs courts-martial in the army and navy, a reviewing officer can do no more than state his views if he disagrees with the findings in any trial. This applies whether the reviewing officer be the President of the United States or a general commanding an army in the field. Gen. Chaffee, having convened the court which tried Major Waller and Lieut. Day of the Marines, was required to pass upon the findings, and has done so in a manner extremely creditable to him as a man and as a soldier. In his opinion, neither Waller nor Day should have been acquitted, but he concedes that Waller was not guilty of the charge of murder, in view of his mental condition. As to Lieut. Day, Gen. Chaffee believes that he should have assumed the gravest responsibility which can come to any soldier—that of disobeying the commands of his superior officer. Lieut. Day had reason enough for this action. Not only was his superior ill from exhaustion, but other weighty grounds, as Gen. Chaffee puts it, "so tainted" the order given by Waller, among them reasons of simple humanity and Christianity, that Lieut. Day should have refused to put these men to death had he had either heart or judgment. As it was, he failed to seize the opportunity to prevent what Gen. Chaffee rightly terms "one of the most regrettable incidents in the annals of the military service of the United States."

What have the so-called "detractors and calumniators of the army" said that was as bad as this? Should not Gen. Dodge, the *Army and Navy Journal*, and all the other newspaper defenders of torture, of military crime, and of violations of the rules of war, demand Gen. Chaffee's immediate recall? Plainly the Anti-Imperialist virus has entered his blood. He has joined the "werewolves barking at the heels of Old Glory's defenders," and has placed an official stigma upon Major Waller and Lieut. Day which will never be effaced from their military records, no matter how many swords their misguided townspeople may bestow upon them. Gen. Chaffee has done more than this. He has shown that the murders were committed, not in the heat of battle or on the fearful march across Samar; but in camp when the danger was over, and that the helpless victims were stevedores who carried the Americans' baggage. By doing this, and by showing that Major Waller could have telephoned Gen. Smith for his sanction before executing his victims, Gen. Chaffee has swept away every possible argument which could be advanced on Waller's behalf, except that of temporary insanity.

That Methodist Bishop who was summoned as a witness by the Senate Committee on the Philippines was himself responsible for the way in which the hearing glided into a theological discussion. Asked what he knew about conditions in the archipelago, he promptly replied that our occupation of the islands was "an act of God." He did not use the phrase in the legal sense, ordinarily meaning a calamity. He referred to the Divine guidance which took us to the Philippines, though almost in the same breath he said that Mr. McKinley had told him how everything in that President's power had been done to prevent annexation. The Democratic Senators, however, are expert theologians, and soon had the Bishop wandering in the mazes of "permissive" as distinct from "ordained" evil. The Hebrew prophets occasionally spoke of "acts of God" that were evil. "Shall evil befall a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" It is one thing to refer to the divine will "whatsoever cometh to pass," and quite another to assert that everything men do is approved by the Creator. The same "act of God" that took us to the Philippines may yet bring us away. Frail mortals cannot tell what the completed divine purpose is in that regard. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is that whatever the country does will appear to a certain order of clerical minds as *vox Dei*. But this, of course, simply means that the God it worships is the "God of Things as they Are."

Some curious facts as to the religious policy of our authorities in the Philippines are presented in the *Evangelist*, which vouches that its authority for every statement is "at first hand and thoroughly reliable." It appears that the Commissioners resolved to be entirely neutral as between the Roman Catholic Church and Protestant denominations, and they concluded that the only way for Americans to demonstrate such neutrality would be to have nothing whatever to do with churches of any sort. Accordingly, instructions were issued to most of the civil employees that they should not take active part in any religious work. One of the high officials had been an active member of the Methodist Church at home and took a letter of commendation to Manila, but, in obedience to the official opinion, he has never entered a church since his arrival. A prominent leader in educational work refused to address a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association; and another, who had made an engagement to speak at a public meeting for Americans only, was requested to cancel it because it was under the auspices of the Evangelical Union. The Commissioners themselves decided that they would never be present at any religious services; "and, as far as is known, they have not attended a regular service of any of the Protestant churches." So unprecedented a policy could hardly be justified in the mind of anybody except by its success, but the *Evangelist* testifies that it has proved a complete failure, the most important result being that "among the people of the islands the impression prevails that Americans have little or no religion."

Cuba's first difficulty will be to live within her income. Our military Government turned over the Treasury with only about $500,000 in it, and with the certainty that increased expenses and diminished revenues would for a time confront the new republic. It will have to pay salaries for work previously done by our army officers at the same time that the stagnation of trade, caused by the delay of Congress in acting upon the Cuban tariff bill, is making receipts fall off. The situation is one calling for skill and firmness on the part of the Cuban Government, as for sympathy on the part of our own. There is renewed talk at Washington of voting a lump sum to Cuba, and leaving the tariff alone. That would be, to say the best of it, like giving alms when we might give work. The most effective sympathy we can show the Cubans is to enable them to earn their

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own living. To do this was the generous and statesmanlike recommendation of President Roosevelt; but his protection-ridden party in Congress has thus far refused to follow his leading.

The question whether the island of Martinique shall or shall not be abandoned is now agitating the public mind in France, as well as in the island itself. The question whether it ought to be abandoned is an entirely different one; but if we judge the future by the past, we may confidently predict that the ground will be reoccupied soon after the volcano becomes quiescent. It is the uniform testimony of history that men forget the danger almost as soon as it passes away. The burying of Herculaneum and Pompeii did not prevent the inhabitants of Campania from rebuilding their houses on the mountain sides. The outbursts of Mont Pelée and the Soufrière half a century ago did not deter the islanders from repeopling the devastated regions. The great Lisbon earthquake did not prevent the citizens from rebuilding their tenements over the very ground that had swallowed up their kindred. The Galveston flood of 1900 only spurred the people to renewed occupation of the sandspit from which their property had been swept away. So we may feel tolerably sure that neither Martinique nor St. Vincent will be abandoned. Even if the owners of the desolated fields and towns should leave them, others would flock in and take their places as soon as the immediate terror had subsided.

Jealousy among Representatives of the growing power of the Senate over Congressional legislation explains the unusual action of the House on May 20 in instructing its conferees on the Army Appropriation Bill, before meeting the Senate conferees, to refuse acceptance of certain amendments to the bill made by the upper branch. The traditional custom is to have first a "free conference," when, in case of a disagreement, either Senate or House may instruct its spokesmen to insist upon any provision on which it is set. For the House to ask a conference of which the aim is to secure an agreement, and at the same time formally and deliberately to notify the Senate that it will never agree to certain things, is contrary to all rules and precedents. It was done last week only because a great many Representatives sympathize with the views expressed by Mr. Heminway of Indiana, who "made a brief speech upon the decadence of the power of the House and the growing power of the Senate in determining legislation, and called upon the House now to take a determined stand against a further invasion of its prerogatives by the other body." The difficulty about the situation of the House is that Representatives themselves are largely responsible for the decadence of its power, because of late years they have more and more generally consented to the hasty passage of ill-considered bills with the understanding that the Senate would discharge the duty which the House had neglected by licking such measures into shape.

At the same time that *Die Nation* of Berlin was saying that Germany would welcome monuments to Washington and Lincoln, Representative Stephens of Texas was introducing a resolution to prevent the acceptance of the Kaiser's proposed gift, a statue of Frederick the Great. The peculiar kind of provincialism which lies behind Congressman Stephens's motion is in not very flattering contrast to the cosmopolitanism of Dr. Barth's journal. This resolution has just enough right in it to make one wonder how it can be so wrong. "The acceptance of such a statue by this Government would be a repudiation of its basic principles, as enunciated in the Bill of Rights and Constitution, an insult to the memories of our Revolutionary fathers, an admission that one man may govern a nation without the consent of the governed, and after his death have his statue erected in our republic, and the divine right of kings to rule thereby approved." So reads the resolution. These words have a ludicrous resemblance to sound patriotism and to common sense. They merely happen to be neither. A republic which sets up a statue to a king at most asserts that he has reigned, and it celebrates him for certain personal qualities and achievements which have become "the permanent possessions of all enlightened humanity." Let us look at the effects of Congressman Stephens's resolution: it would prevent the French among us from erecting a statue of the great law-giver Charlemagne, the Italians from doing the like honor to the heroic Victor Emanuel, nay, the Irish from perpetuating Brian Boru in bronze. Some saving sense of humor there must be in Texas which will tell Congressman Stephens that even for the offence of kingship there is a statute of limitations.

The recent Bankers' Convention at Kansas City has furnished an interesting theme for the Western press. The amount of attention given to the subject of branch banks by the newspapers, both East and West, during the past fortnight, is quite surprising. While the subject is still warm, it is fitting that attention should be directed to the clear-sighted discourse on this subject delivered by Mr. Forgan, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, a short time since, in Milwaukee, the press reports of which were rather imperfect. In this address Mr. Forgan pointed out the great economy in cash reserves that is possible under the branch system of Canada, as compared with our system of independent banks. He showed that the Bank of Montreal, with a capital of $12,000,000, carries on its business with a cash reserve of only 15 per cent., while a half-dozen national banks of the United States, taken at random, having a capital of $8,750,000, hold 41 per cent. of cash reserve. In other words, the Bank of Montreal is able to invest 85 per cent. of its total resources, while our six banks can invest only 59 per cent. The reason for this, as Mr. Forgan shows, is that the Canadian bank, with its forty-eight branches, can do its entire domestic exchange and collection business within itself, and has no occasion to deposit any of its funds with other domestic banks. The difference between investing 85 per cent. of its resources and 59 per cent. is equal to a 5 per cent. dividend on the capital of the Bank of Montreal.

When the Atlantic shipping combine was first divulged, the opinion was generally held that, since it was merely an Anglo-American Trust, and not complete or exclusive even as between the United States and Great Britain, there was no danger of a monopoly in ocean navigation. It was an element of reassurance that the great German lines running to Bremen and Hamburg were still independent. The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American companies were abreast of the times in every particular, if not a few paces in advance of the other "ocean greyhounds" plying the North Atlantic. As long as their competition could be relied upon, there was no danger of monopoly, and it was commonly supposed that they were beyond the reach of the Trust. It turns out that both these companies are locked in the embraces of the combine. It is the opinion of the London *Times* that they have been brought into the arrangement by compulsion—that the competition of the Trust would have been too powerful for them to resist. Whether this be the true explanation we have no means of judging.

The details of the new combination, as published in Berlin, are not quite comprehensive. It is made plain that there is to be an interchange of earnings between the two German companies on the one hand and the combination on the other, and a guarantee on the part of the latter of a certain amount of earnings to the former. Also, there is to be a "division of territory," if that phrase can be applied to the waters which compose the chief part of the earth's surface. The present service of the German companies at English ports may be continued, but not enlarged, and the combination agrees not to send any ships to German ports. The German companies may establish lines running in new directions,

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calling at English ports en route, but in so far as these become competitive with lines hereafter established by the combination, the earnings shall be pooled. Future extensions are to be the subject of joint discussion. Other arrangements are made to cover contingencies and to meet possible disputes, the aim in each case being to pool earnings and to prevent competition. One clause provides that the consolidated company shall not acquire shares in either of the German companies without its consent, but "if interests antagonistic to those now contemplated by the management should attempt to obtain control, the consolidated company shall be free from its obligation in this respect." This clause seems to be very loosely constructed, since it would be quite feasible for any individual in the consolidated company to incite somebody to buy shares in the German companies, which buying might be interpreted as antagonistic, and hence as terminating the obligation. This is a minor matter, however. The great fact staring the three nations—the United States, Great Britain, and Germany—in the face is, that here is an audacious attempt to parcel out the ocean traffic of the North Atlantic Ocean and make it a private monopoly.

Lord Pauncefote's death removes an Ambassador who knew how to win the regard and friendship of Americans without any arts but those of discretion and transparent good faith. He did not make speeches in public, as is expected of our Ambassadors to England. British Ministers in this country have never had that habit. Nor did Lord Pauncefote grace academic occasions, as the French and the German Ambassadors have done. Yet, by unfailing tact and perfect diplomatic propriety, he succeeded in convincing Americans of his good will for this country. Few here believed in the reality of that initiative against us which the revelations of the German Foreign Office last winter made him appear to have taken in 1898. On that subject Lord Pauncefote's lips were sealed; but all who knew him were confident that the whole thing was a misunderstanding of his attitude and his acts. Certainly, in all that relates to a better understanding between the United States and Great Britain, his labors were most intelligent and humane. He put his name to several treaties of the highest importance, in the negotiation of which his interest was always that of preserving peace and strengthening friendship. If the most notable of these —the arbitration treaty—failed through the Senate's unwillingness, though urged by both President Cleveland and President McKinley, to reduce the danger of war to a minimum, that does not detract from the praise due Lord Pauncefote. He was a stanch friend of peace, and we should like to think it was for that reason that he was so unvarying a friend of this country.

Lord Rosebery's return to England in full cry against any Tory meddling with free trade is doubtless one more indication of his willingness to lead the Liberal party again. He certainly has a much better chance to do so on the question of taxation than on the delightfully vague issue of "efficiency" which he proposed in his Chesterfield speech. The cool reception which that met with drove him sulking to the Continent, but the new food tax and the Bury bye-election have brought him back to sound the note of party unity once more. Here is something that Englishmen can understand—can understand even Lord Rosebery when he speaks about it; and he himself has told us that "the English love a statesman whom they understand, or at least think that they understand." Liberal harmony is yet a great way off; but if the Conservatives persist in their food tax and their dabbling with a thinly disguised protection, they will fairly compel the Opposition to sink all minor differences. If this question should come sharply to the front, after peace in South Africa, Lord Rosebery might prove to be the best man to rally his party. In contending for unimpaired freedom of trade, he would not be, as he has appeared to be in his other recent attempts to resume the leadership in the unhappy position which his own pen has described—that of essaying the rôle of "pontiff of a church with the conviction of being in truth a heretic."

The Cobden Club has issued a leaflet on the subject of the bread tax, showing how this impost affects the poorest class in Great Britain. This is the "under-fed class," the dimensions of which in the United Kingdom are enormous. One-fourth of the town population are either in the plight of not having food enough to keep their bodily powers in good working order, or are on the border line between a sufficient and an insufficient supply. This appalling fact has lately been brought out by the researches of Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. Rowntree. Now the bread tax is estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to produce about $13,000,000. But this does not represent the full amount that will be paid. The price of grain grown in the United Kingdom will be increased in the same proportion as that of the imported article. This will add half as much more to the burdens of the consumer, bringing the total up to $20,000,000. But this does not tell the whole story. The bakers are not going to pay this sum out of their own pockets. They will charge it over to the purchasers of bread, and the extra cost is estimated to be equal to half-a farthing a loaf. As there is no such coin as a half-farthing, the extra charge to all who buy a single loaf—that is, to the very poorest class—will be a whole farthing. Therefore, the heaviest burden will fall upon those least able to bear it. This is what usually happens in the adjustment of taxes. The Cobden Club intends to fight against it, whether the war in South Africa continues or not, and not on the grounds of free trade merely, but for the welfare of the most helpless part of the community.

The regret at the announcement of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's resignation is lessened somewhat by the fact that he pronounces his work of conciliation to be accomplished. He accepted the Premiership in order to bring order out of the political confusion arising from the Dreyfus affair, and, now that order is restored, and as if to avoid the appearance of ulterior ambitions, he makes way for a successor. This, at least, is the reason for his resignation which the dispatches give, and it accords with the character of the man. It would be unwise, however, to speculate as to the new Premier until it is perfectly certain that M. Waldeck-Rousseau's resolve is inexorable. It is expedient, perhaps, to resign at a time when a political programme has been achieved, an electoral victory has been won, and a visit of President Loubet to the Czar is in progress; but these are considerations that would hardly weigh against a plain duty to the state. Whatever personal or political reasons have led to his retirement cannot, we are sure, be permanent. No man is indispensable, but he is as nearly so as any one man can be in French politics.

Naturally, the formal toasts to the French and Russian armies which were offered at the review held in President Loubet's honor, laid especial emphasis upon the pacific nature of the Dual Alliance. "This imposing force menaces no one," said President Loubet of the two armies which the Czar had declared to be brothers in arms. One may be glad that the fiction of a defensive alliance was held up, even while feeling that it is a fiction. Russia certainly is threatened by no other Power, and the alliance for her means either support in aggressive enterprises, or merely facility for placing loans. France, too, since the agreements concerning the Algerian hinterland, is threatened in no territorial interest. For her the alliance means either support in a war of her own making, or else the mere gratification of military vanity. The fact that Russia has not given, and cannot give, effective assurances of loyalty, we have frequently pointed out. Since the Franco-Italian *entente*, the Dual Alliance has become more than ever superfluous, even to France.

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SENATOR HOAR'S SPEECH.

The speech on the Philippine question delivered by Senator Hoar on Thursday recalls the memorable effort made by the greatest of Republican statesmen on an occasion equally great, and on a subject closely akin to that which inspired the Massachusetts Senator. On the 16th of June, 1858, Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., began his speech in these words:

> "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it."

He went on to show that the American republic was like a house divided against itself, which cannot stand. He believed that the Government could not endure permanently half slave and half free. He did not expect the house to fall, but he did expect that it would cease to be divided. It would become all one thing or all the other. This speech was followed, somewhat later, by Mr. Seward's "irrepressible conflict" speech at Auburn, N. Y., in which the same idea was expounded at greater length. The truth which both these statesmen sought to impress upon the people was, that a republic dedicated to human liberty could not endure permanently if it should cease to practise the principles which it professed.

This was the theme upon which Senator Hoar held his hearers spellbound for three hours on Thursday. And yet we are told by the leading Republican organ in this city that it was "chiefly a rethreshing of old straw." Was it so, indeed? If the principles of the Declaration of Independence could be called old straw, then might Mr. Hoar's speech be considered a waste of words. If the battle of Thermopylæ is an idle tale, if the battle of Lexington is inconsequential, if every struggle for human rights since history began to be written and deeds of valor and self-sacrifice for country and freedom to be sung has been vain, then is the speech of the Massachusetts Senator to be classed as rubbish, from which no more nutriment for human souls can be extracted.

It was time that somebody who has the ear of the nation should sound again the note of liberty, and tell a forgetful people what it signifies in comparison with power and pelf. "You are fighting for sovereignty," said Mr. Hoar; "you are fighting for the principle of eternal dominion over that people, and that is the only question in issue in the conflict." This was in answer to the contention of Senator Foraker and others that we are slaying the Filipinos and practising the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition upon them merely to restore order. Everybody knows—it has been repeated a thousand times—that order could be restored by simply telling those people that we intend to give them their independence. But we have never said that. We have never said what we said to Cuba. Why not? Because some people thought that money could be made out of them. Others thought that it would be a fine thing to have ships and cannon there to match other nations in China, or to "dominate the Pacific." All these reasons meant pelf, direct or indirect. Nobody has ever yet made any money out of the Philippines, except army contractors; but if the island of Luzon were made of solid gold, nothing could ever compensate the American republic for overthrowing the liberty of a free people who never harmed us. It was time, we repeat, for somebody having the ear of the nation to ring this truth from the public belfry. Senator Hoar has earned the thanks of his own and of all future generations by performing this task in the way he did it.

What will come of it? we shall be asked. No man can say what shall be the final outcome—whether the Filipinos will be subjugated in blood, or the Americans be mired and strangled in their own riches. Of one thing, however, we feel assured. As long as the spectacle of oppression, tyranny, and cruelty exists in the Philippines, or elsewhere in the world, there will be men and women in the United States to rethresh the old straw of human rights. There will always be men to kindle the torch of liberty, and to do battle for the principles that Washington and Lincoln upheld. It is not for us to say who shall win in any coming election. A higher power will decide that question, but hope will always remain while men remain like Senator Hoar to tell the truth alike to willing and unwilling ears.

We have not sought to follow Mr. Hoar's argument, but rather to enter into the spirit of his discourse. The ability is not given to many to gather up the threads of a great and prolonged controversy, and present the whole of it in a compass brief enough to be grasped and held by ordinary minds. It is given to fewer still to seize hold upon the consciences and hearts of the multitude, and teach them to prize moral greatness above pelf and power. Senator Hoar has shown himself a master in both these great faculties. His speech will live as long as the controversy subsists out of which it grew, and it can never become stale while the love of liberty reigns in American bosoms.

ROCHAMBEAU.

The unveiling of the monument to Rochambeau, on Saturday last, recalls a story never heard by Americans without a thrill—the story of the aid which came from France at the turning-point of the War of Independence. It is this permanent sense of gratitude which lends to the reception of the French commissioners and of the descendants of Rochambeau a warmth and reality that such formal expressions of friendship often lack. The commander-in-chief of the French allies, it should frankly be admitted, was not one of the salient personages of the Revolutionary War. No opportunity was granted him for that display of ardent personal devotion which secured for Lafayette a kind of filial relation to the Father of his Country, hence a brotherly relation to us all; nor did Rochambeau receive the glory which redounds to Admiral Grasse for a single brilliant and decisive evolution. He stands, instead, as the representative of sheer military sagacity; patient, resourceful, as ready to coöperate unquestioningly with his American commander as to offer valuable counsel. Finally, he has the undying fame of having planned and secured that timely descent of the French fleet which brought the war to a dramatic close.

For a year he had an ungrateful part to play. Landing at Newport in July, 1780, he found himself condemned to complete inactivity. The second contingent which he had been promised never came; he was supported by a naval force inadequate and unaggressive; the French Ministry regularly refused his recommendations for money, ships, and men. For a year he did little more than win golden opinions for the discipline of his troops. Lafayette wrote to Washington, as a crucial instance of the good conduct of his fellow-countrymen, that the Newport chickens which fed freely in the French camp might be counted at night on the roosts. This was glory of a kind, but, after all, not much for a veteran of the Seven Years' War.

During all this time Rochambeau was in the position of failing to coöperate in Washington's cherished plan of a joint attack upon New York. At an early period he seems to have had an instinct that the final campaign would be, not on the Hudson, but on the Chesapeake. It gradually became plainer that the British were trying again, in somewhat different fashion, the plan of Burgoyne—namely, to cut off New England for subsequent conquest, as the most difficult, and, accordingly, to subdue gradually all the country south and west of the Hudson. It was therefore necessary to strike them in the south. Just who deserves the most credit for cornering Cornwallis on the peninsula between the York River and the James will probably be a matter of endless dispute; but this much is indisputable, that Rochambeau by his own efforts secured the indispensable aid of Admiral Grasse's squadron.

Those who love to qualify the word initiative with the epithet Anglo-Saxon would do well to study the movements of Admiral Grasse during the late summer of 1781. Under Rochambeau's earnest solicitation, he sailed from the

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West Indies without sanction from the French Ministry; collected troops which he virtually borrowed from France's ally, Spain; in fact, took so many liberties with the programme laid down for him that he was obliged to serve notice that Cornwallis must be captured in two months' time, or not at all. If the stoical French General ever gave way to enthusiasm, it must have been on the day, August 14, 1781, when he informed Washington, whose command he had joined, that Grasse was already at sea, and headed for the two capes. It was, contemporaries say, one of the few occasions when Washington betrayed emotion.

How timely this aid was, need hardly be recalled. Rochambeau, after his juncture with the Continental army, had written: "Gen. Washington has but a handful of men. . . . This country has been driven to bay, and all its resources are giving out at once." Lafayette, whose scanty regiments alone opposed Cornwallis during those anxious months, had written to Washington that the troops were not enough even "to be decently beaten." The coming of Grasse put a different face on things; and from the time that the grizzled Saint-Simon placed his reinforcements at the disposal of the young Lafayette, the fall of Cornwallis was inevitable. The feeling of the French towards Washington is quaintly symbolized in an anecdote recorded by Col. Butler. The evening that Washington and Rochambeau, after their long march, joined Lafayette and Saint-Simon at Williamsburg, there was naturally a great dinner. "To add to the happiness of the event and evening," writes Col. Butler, "an elegant band of music played an introductive part of a French opera, signifying the happiness of the family when blessed with the presence of the father, and their great dependence upon him."

After the juncture with Washington, Rochambeau acted merely as an auxiliary, accepting loyally the subordinate part which His Most Christian Majesty had assigned to him. It was reserved for Lafayette and his Continentals to take the first redoubt with the bayonet, and for Lafayette to send back a proffer of aid to the leader of the French column, who had questioned the courage of the Americans. Yet when Louis XVI. ordered the official battle-painter to paint for Rochambeau two pictures—one depicting the siege of Yorktown, and the other the capitulation—it was more than a perfunctory compliment.

The sentiments which the inauguration of the monument to Rochambeau in Washington arouses are best expressed in terms of reminiscence. The enduring gratitude which the American people feel for him is quickened by the courtesies which have attended the preparation of the memorial, and by the ceremonies of the day. Rochambeau required no greater glory than to be the subordinate of Washington—the "auxiliary" of the General of "a handful of men." If there were choice of gallant service, would not one choose that which the stronger renders to the weaker's need? It is, then, a most happy coincidence that brought within a single week this commemoration and the installation of the republic of Cuba among free nations. The proudest title of our rulers, as it was of Rochambeau, may well be that of "auxiliary" to a brave and struggling people.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL APPORTIONMENT.

As the conventions for the nomination of Congressmen approach, attention is called to the fact that there is about a twelfth more districts under the new apportionment of Representatives in the House than under that which controlled the election of 1900. There will be, of course, a corresponding increase in the electoral college when the next President shall be chosen in 1904.

The Constitution fixed the number of Representatives when the first Congress should meet in 1789 at 65, and provided that thereafter the apportionment should be based upon the "respective numbers" of free persons in the several States and "three-fifths of all other persons," as determined by a national census to be soon taken, as it was in 1790, and every tenth year thereafter—each State, however, to have at least one, no matter how small its population. The first basis adopted was one Representative for every 33,000 people, which resulted in a House of 105 members. The variation from this standard was not very great for forty years, the ratio having risen only to one for every 47,700 after the census of 1830; but the growth of the country had been so rapid that the number of Representatives had considerably more than doubled, reaching then 240. At this rate it was clear that a body as large as the British House of Commons was to be expected in the not distant future, and a halt was called after the census of 1840. The standard was jumped up one-half to 70,680 people, and the number of Representatives was thus reduced to 223.

No House has had equal courage in the sixty years since that time, and the size of the body has steadily increased—at first slowly, as to 237 after the census of 1850 and 243 after 1860; and then rapidly—with the enfranchisement of the blacks after the civil war and the growth of the nation later—to 293 after 1870, 325 after 1880, and 357 after 1890. The last Congress resolved that no State should lose a member, and this required an increase of the total to 386. To prevent such loss by Maine and some other States, which are almost stationary in population, a ratio had to be adopted which permitted gains in twenty of the forty-five commonwealths.

The changes thus made constitute an interesting study in the distribution of political power. The Northeastern section of the nation—New England and the old "Middle States" of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, not counting Delaware, which has been long ranked as part of the South—gain 9 of the 29 new Representatives, 3 in New York, 2 each in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and 1 each in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and will have 108 of the 386 members—almost exactly 28 per cent. The "Middle West," comprising the great commonwealths between the Alleghanies and the Missouri, gains 6—3 in Illinois, 2 in Minnesota, and 1 in Wisconsin—to which should be added 1 more for North Dakota. This will make their full number 106—or 120 if Kansas and Nebraska be ranked with this division, to which they most naturally belong—about 31 per cent. of all. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions, including nine States of vast territorial extent but generally sparse population, will have 21 members—Colorado, Washington, and California each gaining one—6 per cent. of the whole body. There remain the sixteen States in which slavery formerly existed—the "Solid South," as they were for the twenty years beginning with 1876. These have 126 Representatives now, and are to have 136 hereafter—36 per cent. of the House, respectively one more member apiece for West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and a gain of three for Texas.

Analyzing these gains still further, it will be found that one-third of the increase is credited to what used to be the "Solid South," although West Virginia, which is to have five Representatives, has now a solid Republican delegation, and Delaware has long elected a Republican Congressman. These States in which slavery used to exist furnish almost exactly two-thirds of the Democratic party's strength in the present House—108 out of its 160 members. Leaving out of the account West Virginia, and also Missouri, which sends two Republicans from the city of St. Louis, the new apportionment will help the Democrats here. All of the other gains are in States like the Carolinas, Mississippi, and Louisiana, which have practically disfranchised the negro (the two North Carolina districts now represented by Republicans are accounted Democratic hereafter), or in States which send solid Democratic delegations without the necessity of amending their Constitutions to this end. The various boroughs of New York city now elect fourteen members, of whom eleven were Democrats in 1900, and that party should fare better with seventeen districts in this part

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of New York State. The gain of population in Illinois has been largely in Chicago, which chose four Democrats and three Republicans in 1900.

Outside the old slave States, and New York city and Chicago, the gains of seats are chiefly in Republican sections, and they just about balance the increase of Democratic strength in those three quarters. Practically, therefore, the contest for control of the House is not materially changed by the new apportionment. The old slave States, New York city, and Chicago furnish almost exactly two-thirds of a bare majority of the present House, and their proportional strength will be almost exactly the same in the next Congress. The decision will still rest with the districts outside our two chief cities, in the long stretch of Northern States, above the Potomac and the Ohio, running from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific—districts which gave the Republicans enough Representatives for a majority of 37 in the House elected two years ago, but the Democrats enough ten years before to run up their majority above 150.

THE POLICE FAILURE.

With his usual vigor of utterance, Dr. Parkhurst has told the truth about the conditions in the Police Department in the interview published on Friday morning, and by so doing has rendered still another valuable public service. There are those, we know, who will criticise him roundly for speaking out, and who will declare that such truth-telling is really in the interest of Tammany Hall. But common justice, as well as good policy, demands that the friends of good municipal government shall criticise Mr. Low's Administration when criticism is deserved, just as freely as Mayor Van Wyck was censured for the corruption and misgovernment to be found in nearly every department while he was in the City Hall.

When Dr. Parkhurst first attacked the police administration, in February last, he was properly criticised for not having given the Commissioner time enough to become acquainted with his subordinates and with the many grave problems which confronted him. No such objection can be made to-day. Nearly five months have now elapsed since Col. Partridge took office. In five weeks more one-quarter of Mr. Low's too short term will have passed. The citizens of New York are therefore eminently justified in expecting the completion of some reforms, the launching of many others, the ceaseless and rigorous prosecution of public offenders, and, above all, the enunciation of a strong and ringing policy which will carry conviction to the police and to the city by its very earnestness and clearness.

What is the actual condition of affairs at the end of the fifth month of Col. Partridge's headship of the police? In the opinion of competent and unprejudiced observers, police blackmail is unchecked, the patrolling of the streets is as much neglected as under Col. Murphy, the influence of Deveryism is rampant, and the discipline is as lax as last year. The Excise Law is for the most part unenforced; gambling-dens, disorderly houses, and policy-shops flourish unrestrictedly, except, as Dr. Parkhurst points out, where private individuals and societies have stepped in to do police work. Moreover, owing to the unchecked discussion of the three-platoon system, insubordination is rife throughout the force. Competent observers at Police Headquarters and elsewhere testify that such complete demoralization has never been known as exists to-day. Worst of all is the total absence of leadership in the Department itself. One does not need to resort to Dr. Parkhurst's picturesque language to describe the lack of vigor, of personal aggressiveness and unconquerable determination, all the more missed because of the many admirable qualities, the high purpose, and the long public service of Col. Partridge.

The agitation for the three-platoon system is to-day the source of the greatest demoralization. When, under Tammany, a similar agitation was started in the Fire Department, and a captain in uniform at a public meeting advocated early adoption of the system, he was promptly tried and dismissed. Col. Partridge abolished the three-platoon system in February. Since that time, the entire police force has spent most of its time advocating a return to this arrangement. Men in uniform have gone from house to house begging signatures for petitions; officers have aired their views in print, criticising their commander, to the verge of insubordination. Policemen have been allowed, unpunished, to declare that the Commissioner was bent on making "slaves of his men." The patrolmen complain that they cannot approach the Commissioner or his Deputies in order to state their case, and that they cannot even reach the Mayor, despite the latter's proclamation that he would receive all complaints.

As to the Excise Law, the conflict between leaders of the Administration about its enforcement has done great injury to the entire Department. The men are for the most part ready to enforce the law, but they do not know whether the orders are to be obeyed or not. According to Mr. Jerome, the law must be obeyed, and he will punish all who do not see that this is done. In accordance with Mr. Low's smooth-sounding phrase—"the extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice"—each patrolman thinks that he is quite justified in overlooking violations by the saloon-keepers upon his beat. If Capt. Foody, recently on trial for not enforcing the Excise Law, should be dismissed, many policemen will think it little short of an outrage, since not even Mr. Low's later utterances constituted an explicit order to enforce the statute. As a matter of fact, policemen have been transferred apparently for no other reason than doing their duty in this respect. It is not right or proper that a subordinate should be punished for not doing something about which his superiors have persistently refused to define their attitude or to issue any clear-cut instructions.

That Col. Partridge has achieved some slight reforms must not be overlooked in any friendly and judicial summing up of his achievements and mistakes. He has abolished many sinecures, returned many loafers to active patrol duty, and has set a sturdy example of honesty and diligence. He has, moreover, placed several officials on trial, and some few of the lowest dives have been closed. But all this is as nothing compared to what an executive of genuine power could have accomplished. It is obscured by the fact that, *mirabile dictu*, Inspector Cross is Col. Partridge's chief adviser, that the Commissioner is getting no work or aid out of his other inspectors, and that the Devery captains flourish unconcernedly in their old positions.

In no carping spirit, but only with the sincerest conviction that we are speaking in his interest and in that of permanent good government, do we commend these facts to Mayor Low, and record our belief that prompt action is necessary if success is to be achieved where success is most needed. Only recently Mr. Low found a way to end an intolerable state of affairs in the Municipal Civil-Service Commission. The present deplorable police situation demands all the time and strength and political wisdom he can bring to bear upon it, for in the last resort the responsibility is upon his shoulders.

THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN CREED.

The "Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith" which was adopted by the General Assembly on May 21, was said by the committee which drafted it not to be intended as "a substitute for or an alternative of our Confession of Faith." Yet there can be no doubt that the new creed, as accepted, will supplant the old. It will do so immediately in the popular conception; it will do so gradually in the practice of the churches; and it will do so ultimately in Presbyterian law. There is no reason for delusions on this subject. The true issue before the Assembly was the substitution of a new confession of faith for the Westminster.

The first thing to be said about the alternative creed is that it exhibits a new kind of Calvinism. It may be called a polite Calvinism. For the rough-spoken style of John Knox, it substi-

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tutes considerate language which would suggest to Col. Newcome his one classical quotation about the mollifying of manners. Best to exhibit the difference between the diction of the divines who feared not the face of man, and that of their more polished successors, we print in parallel columns some of their utterances on the same themes:

[From the Westminster Confession.]	[From the Revised Creed.]
"There is no other head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor can the Pope of Rome in any sense be head thereof; but is that antichrist, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the church against Christ and all that is called God."	"The Lord Jesus Christ is the only head of the Church, and the claim of any man to be the vicar of Christ and the head of the Church is unscriptural, without warrant in fact, and is a usurpation dishonoring to the Lord Jesus Christ."
"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed. . . . . The rest of mankind God was pleased . . to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath."	"Of Election.—We believe that God from the beginning, in His own good pleasure, gave to His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service, and salvation; we believe that all who come to years of discretion can receive this salvation only through faith and repentance."
"Works done by unregenerate men, although for the matter of them they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselves and others, yet . . . are sinful and cannot please God, or make a man meet to receive grace from God."	"We believe that God requires of every man to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God; and that only through this harmony with the will of God shall be fulfilled that brotherhood of man wherein the kingdom of God is to be made manifest."

Whatever the theological implications of the contrast, the gain in politeness is clear. The granite is covered with flowers.

A theological symbol like that now adopted must be studied in its bearing upon the questions which have been agitating the Presbyterian Church, and leading to heresy trials and withdrawals from its ministry. They are two. One of them is the doctrine of inspiration, involving the whole new province of Biblical criticism, and the other is the doctrine of eternal punishment. Now on neither of these does the new creed give a certain sound. Its phrases seem purposely vague. They are well fitted to include opposites, and to make a basis for a comprehensive Broad Church. The assertion about the Bible is that it is "the faithful record of God's gracious revelations," and "the only infallible rule of faith and life." Prof. Briggs would have assented to that heartily. So would every higher critic in existence. In the article on eschatology there is a similar vagueness. At the Last Judgment, says the new creed, "the wicked shall receive the eternal award of their sins." That leaves open all the old quibbles about *aionios*. Any one who believes in the annihilation of the wicked could subscribe to it. So could a restorationist. One has only to compare it with the explicit statement of the Westminster: "The wicked . . . shall be cast into eternal torments, and be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." We cannot greatly blame polemic Presbyterian doctors of divinity, of the older school, if they denounce this creed as so much Calvin and water, well fitted to give to the Presbyterian Church the theological attractiveness which Kinglake said that the Anglican Church had for him—namely, that of being "the most harmless going."

We would not, however, have it supposed that we consider the adoption of the new creed to be a mistake. It ought to be hailed enthusiastically by Presbyterians, it seems to us. For one thing, it comes somewhere near representing what the majority of them actually believe. This the Westminster Confession no longer does. Only ten days ago an outspoken layman expressed before the Assembly his happiness at the prospect of having a creed that he could both understand and accept. To the Presbyterian Church as a whole, the Westminster has ceased to be a living creed. It is not preached by the majority of the clergy; its more grisly parts are revolting to the vast body of the laity—if, indeed, the Presbyterian laity can be said to be aware of their existence. It has become a creed not to be championed but to be explained away. Now explanation of a creed, as Leslie Stephen has told us, is a common way of making it die. That process has so long gone on with the historic creed of the Presbyterian Church that, even in the judgment of its own members, it now waxes old as doth a garment. To lay it reverently aside, and to substitute for it in the working faith and life of the church a statement of Christian doctrine corresponding to actual beliefs, and freed from the old nightmares, was in fact seen to be the wise step to take.

HERBERT SPENCER'S MUSICAL HERESIES.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's new book, 'Facts and Comments,' concerning which he tells us in the preface that he can say with certainty it will be his last, contains no fewer than five chapters on musical topics. It is not the first time that the eminent philosopher has strayed into this field. Forty-four years ago he published an essay on the "Origin and Function of Music," which was really an epoch-making contribution to musical æsthetics and gave rise to an endless amount of discussion. Serious students of the art will therefore turn with eager expectation to the new volume—especially the chapters entitled "Some Musical Heresies" and "The Corruption of Music"—in the hope of finding further new and suggestive ideas; but they are doomed to disappointment.

One of Mr. Spencer's musical heresies is that the violin, currently called a perfect instrument, has two incurable defects—"the hiss of the bow, and the production of high overtones as it is drawn over the string." He believes that "the sounds of the æolian harp are far sweeter than those of the violin: which last, indeed, suggest the voice of a shrew in a good temper"! The obvious retort to this is that, while the æolian harp's tones may be sweeter, they are infinitely less capable of variety of sensuous coloring and emotional expression, and are therefore infinitely less valuable musically. As for "hissing" sounds, these are never heard when a number of violins play together. Yet it is against the violin in the orchestra that Mr. Spencer's wrath is directed. He protests that our orchestras are very defective because "in them the tones of stringed instruments so greatly predominate." Not only do they "yield the greater part of the sound," but their presence is continuous; "they are always making themselves heard."

Mr. Spencer was wise in prefacing the declaration of his "heresies" with the remark that his opinions "will not meet with acceptance among experts in music." Certainly every expert and every intelligent concert-goer will reject the opinions just advanced, for the simple reason that they are obviously and absurdly contrary to fact. It is quite true that the violins were too prominent and too persistent in the classical orchestra, up to Beethoven; but with Schubert began the modern system of orchestral coloring, which culminated in Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt, and which gave so much prominence to the wind-instruments—wood and brass—that the strings actually had to be greatly increased in number in order to escape entire obliteration. Mr. Spencer, in a word, is topsy-turvy. He pleads for more of the very thing of which we have most. He complains of a lack of variety in orchestral coloring when, as a matter of fact, coloring has become almost a mania, and the charge must rather be made that too many composers sacrifice everything to it and become mere colorists. If Mr. Spencer had ever taken the trouble to attend a Wagner opera, he would not have written regarding our orchestras: "Beauty they can render; grace they can render; delicacy they can render; but where is the dignity, where is the grandeur?"

Equally antediluvian are Mr. Spencer's charges that in our music "the bass element is unduly subordinated." That was true a century ago; but Rossini began to write arias for the bass as well as the soprano, and since then all the great operas have had bass solos; while, as for orchestras and the pianoforte, the writing of a melodious bass is an accomplishment of every great master. What our philosopher

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says about symphonies having no natural coherence is quite correct, and so is what he says about the impropriety of playing chamber music in a large hall. In the chapter on "The Corruption of Music" he dwells on the charge—as trite as it is true—that performers are too much given to the display of gymnastics for the sake of gaining cheap applause. But that is not a phenomenon peculiar to our time, and Mr. Spencer again betrays his lack of musical knowledge by singling out as a warning example the one performer of the nineteenth century who was less open to this charge than any other. "Many years ago," he writes, "when coming away from a concert given by a celebrated Russian pianist, I remarked, 'Too little music and too much Rubinstein!'"

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising to find Mr. Spencer championing Meyerbeer as an operatic composer, as against Mozart and Wagner. A woman pianist, at his request, counted the number of "scale passages" in the first twenty pages of the piano scores of three of Meyerbeer's operas and three of Mozart's. The result was that Mozart had 253 of these "mechanical successions," and Meyerbeer only 151; hence Meyerbeer cannot be especially accused of a lack of musical thoughts! This reasoning, surely, seems calculated for the columns of *Punch;* as also the statement that Meyerbeer succeeded in doing what Wagner tried to do without success—to "combine the two requisite elements in fine music—dramatic expression and melody."

A few years ago Tolstoy attended a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried," and, without staying to the end, or having any other acquaintance with Wagner's music, went home and wrote a savage attack on his art in general. Now comes Herbert Spencer with a criticism that is refuted in almost every page of every Wagner opera. The fact has been deplored a thousand times that anybody, no matter how little attention he may have given to music, thinks that he has a right not only to hold his own opinion, but to "lay down the law." With such eminent philosophers as Spencer and Tolstoy setting the example, how can we blame ordinary mortals for being foolish? It is very much to be regretted that Mr. Spencer has published the papers referred to. Perhaps, as he has promised that he may possibly make some additions to a future edition of his book, he will see the expediency of also making some omissions.

Mr. Spencer's doctrine that our vocal music was originally developed out of emotional speech is probably nearer the truth than Darwin's theory that musical notes and rhythms were first acquired by the male or female progenitors of mankind for the sake of charming the opposite sex. It may seem odd that a thinker should have been able to make what we have called an epoch-making contribution to musical æsthetics while now displaying such scant knowledge of the art of music. But the anomaly is easily explained. The origin of music is a scientific question, and therefore comes within the scope of Mr. Spencer's researches, while the questions discussed in the new volume relate to the concert-hall; and as a concert-goer, Mr. Spencer does not appear to have made good use of his opportunities.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 5, 1902.

On Wednesday and Thursday of last week the Royal Academy was besieged by serious art critics, note-book in hand. On Friday, all afternoon, Piccadilly and Bond Street were blocked with the carriages of people crowding to the Private View—a social function from which nobody who is anybody can afford to stay away. On Saturday evening there was the annual banquet, attended by princes of the royal family, ministers of state, and men distinguished in literature and science. Every honor that form and ceremony can give is lavished upon an exhibition that, by a long-established tradition, has come to be looked upon as the official headquarters of British art. But art cannot live on form and ceremony alone, and the exhibition itself only seems the more incredibly commonplace because of the importance given to it. To look at the walls is to ask with amazement the reason for the pretty compliments exchanged in the after-dinner speeches on Saturday evening. Beyond the eight Sargents, two or three other portraits, perhaps half-a-dozen landscapes, and a few things in the sculpture room, there is little that deserves a second glance. And the worst of it is, that the New Gallery, of late little more than an annex to the Royal Academy, now confesses its weakness by giving over its central hall—usually devoted to sculpture—to a show of Japanese lacquer work as a sort of advertisement for a Bond Street tradesman.

That, under these circumstances, Mr. Sargent should tower head and shoulders above his fellow-exhibitors, is not surprising. In the mere matter of industry and power of production he is infinitely their superior. It has been a reproach before now that the modern artist in England is, physically, but a weakling compared to the giants of old, men like Rubens and Tintoretto and Veronese, who thought no more of covering a whole wall with an elaborate composition than most painters do, to-day, of making a slight sketch on a small canvas. But Mr. Sargent cannot be classed among the weaklings. He has his full allowance of eight pictures at the Academy, and, of these, two are large groups of three figures; at the New Gallery he has another group of three, a huge landscape as background to a single figure, and a third portrait besides. There is, of course, no special merit in quantity. But Mr. Sargent is unusually good, as well as unusually prolific, this year.

The most ambitious of these eleven canvases is the portrait at the Academy of "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson." It repeats, in a measure, the experiment of two years ago. Again three sisters are his sitters, and again they wear white. But instead of a room for background, there is a garden, and they are grouped about a great vase, under an orange tree. One sister stands to the left, her slender white arms lifted as she picks the fruit; a second sits below, in front of the vase, a few oranges gleaming through the white draperies she is holding up—and a wonderful bit of painting this is; the third stands to the right, an amused spectator. The scheme of white and green is relieved by a touch of blue in the dress of the sitting figure, in the black of the ribbons and hat of the figure to the right, and by the orange of the fruit. The faces are full of animation, the dresses are put in with a dexterity that Mr. Sargent is at no pains to conceal. The whole picture is full of a vivacity, a vitality, simply amazing compared, for example, to the woodenness of Mr. Luke Fildes's portrait of the King—a lay model draped with robes of ermine and velvet, surrounded by symbols of royalty—which hangs in the chief centre of honor, in all the pomp of golden hangings; the one picture allowed the luxury of a margin of space around it. Or if you turn to Mr. Dicksee's effigy of a lady in gold-embroidered robes set amid silken cushions, or to Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema's gentleman who serves as motive for a study in still life, or to the other Academical masterpieces, it seems absurd to find any fault with Mr. Sargent, the one painter among them all. But place his group in worthier surroundings, and I think its animation would seem a little over-emphasized. I should weary of the set smile on the three faces, of the upstretched arms, of the hands holding out the drapery for the fruit. And there is something as artificial in the composition: it savors of the studio and studio combinations; the figures do not belong to their surroundings, but these are made for them because Mr. Sargent apparently wanted to see what he could do in the "grand manner," wanted to try a modern adaptation of eighteenth-century conventions. In the great portrait groups of the world you are never oppressed by the animation of the figures; in the greatest of all there is complete repose, as in those wonderful old men and old women of Franz Hals at Haarlem, or in the Syndics of Rembrandt, for instance.

Mr. Sargent is as artificial, though in another and very different way, in the second group at the Academy, "The Misses Hunter." In this, too, he has had three sisters to paint, but he has endeavored to give them at least a natural air. Only one wears white; the other two, black. They sit round a divan in the centre of a room, behind them a Japanese screen. The perspective is violent; the voluminous skirts, in falling, make a wide circle on the floor, repeated in the smaller circle formed by the grouping of the three heads above the divan; and, in the background, as if to balance the curves, rise the rigid upright lines of the screen. You cannot look without feeling how much Mr. Sargent was preoccupied with the difficult, almost geometrical problem of lines and curves, without being impressed by the cleverness with which he has solved it. But the last thing you want to see in a picture is the painter's

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cleverness, and here, it seems to me, he has sacrificed everything to a display of technical skill, even all vestige of character in the faces. The smile of the three sisters has the effect of having been lent to them for the occasion.

Really, Mr. Sargent's most successful group is at the New Gallery—"The Children of A. Wertheimer, Esq." Here the figures convince you that they do belong to their surroundings. Mr. Sargent might have come upon them so at any time; they are not merely arranged because his easel happens to be before him and his palette in his hand. They are in a room—no doubt a school-room—bare of ornament, save a wonderful globe you can see it was a delight to Mr. Sargent to paint. And there is character in every pose—in the easy grace of the girl of seventeen or eighteen lounging on the sofa, her trailing skirts touching the floor; in the alertness and rich Oriental color of the younger girl, leaning over an ottoman; even in the languid affectation of the boy in Eton jacket and collar, curled up below, though I doubt if an Eton boy ever had such ladylike fingers. There are three dogs, one the famous poodle, each as carefully studied, and the great beauty is in the magic of the atmosphere which envelops the figures, keeping them well within the picture. In the Academy groups the relation of the figures to their backgrounds is less well observed. There has been a good deal of talk about the large landscape in the New Gallery, a Norwegian stream with a youth, in fishing outfit, lying on the stony shores. Mr. Sargent has painted the water running away from him, a wonderful thing to do, it is said. But the picture is without air or light. It has the look of a sketch Mr. Sargent might have made in his studio on this huge canvas because nothing smaller was at hand.

For his most completely successful, if less ambitious portraits, you must return to the Academy—"Lord Ribblesdale," a full-length of a tall, slight, nervous man, in riding dress, standing against a gray wall, with character not only in the face, but in the folds of the breeches, the fall of the coat, the twist of the neckerchief, the very way the silk hat is set on the head; and "Alfred Wertheimer, Esq.," once more an extraordinary realization of the Jewish type Mr. Sargent loves. His other five portraits are of women in more or less gorgeous gowns—clever, I need not say, but not quite so striking.

If I have given so much space to Mr. Sargent, it is because it would be impossible not to; he dominates Academy and New Gallery both. The other portraits, with a few exceptions, may be divided into two classes: those that would rival photographs in uninspired accuracy, and those in which the sitter serves as the merest suggestion for a decorative scheme. An honest photograph would be preferable in the one case, a frank decoration in the other. Among the few exceptions, the most remarkable is a portrait of Mr. Phil May, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, who, as a rule, is too ready to sacrifice a genuine talent to the fashions of the day. But in painting the distinguished illustrator, he has forgotten decoration and been content to show the man as he is. The portrait is a half-length. Mr. May wears a red hunting-coat. He holds a half-smoked cigar in one hand, his hat in the other. The figure is well placed on the canvas, and the head is studied and painted with a sympathy that saves it from being too literal in its straightforward realization of type and character. It is interesting to see Mr. Swan, the sculptor and animal-painter, making his first appearance as a portrait-painter. One of his attempts does not justify this new departure, but in the other, though you are conscious of his timidity and hesitation, though he has not had the nerve to paint the man inside the overcoat, the head is modelled with so much tenderness and insight that one will look forward with curiosity to his next experiments of the kind. Signor Mancini, the Italian artist, who uses his paint almost as if it were clay, but who often produces fine effects despite his indifference to beauty of surface, has been given a place, owing, it is said, to the influence of Mr. Sargent, his admirer. But, having admitted him into their midst, the Academicians, with their accustomed indifference to or fear of foreigners, have not had the courage to hang him appropriately, and his lady, sitting on a golden-draped couch, cannot be seen from any point of view. Two portraits of men, restrained, quiet, but rather ineffective, by Mr. Orchardson, complete the list.

Mr. Orchardson has another picture, "The Borgia," that explains his charm and his limitations. He has represented the end of a banquet, when one of the Borgias lingers in his chair, the guests departed, to watch his victim who has fallen half across the table, the fatal glass upset before him. The banquet has been served in a garden, under the stone pines that make a cool shelter from the Italian sun. The composition is amusing, the table running down the middle of the picture in abrupt perspective. The detail of cloth and fruit, plate and glass, and empty chairs, is delightfully painted; while, for once, Mr. Orchardson has abandoned the curious yellow color which seems, it was once said, to represent the color of his mind. But when it comes to the drama of the picture, what should be tragedy is the merest ineffectual comedy. The man lying across the table might be in a drunken stupor, but for the title. The anecdote, you feel, has been dragged in to satisfy a public that expects anecdote. The astonishing thing is that British artists who are at such pains to tell a story in paint, should almost always tell it with an appearance of insincerity and indifference. However, this year, among the pictures of the kind—religious, sentimental, historical, or comic—none other calls for comment. Mr. Abbey sends no large painting, but instead one of his graceful pen-drawings, "Tho' Amaryllis Dance in Green." Mr. F. D. Millet, however, deserts his little old ruins for a great stretch of canvas, on which he represents the manner of "Proclaiming the King" in the village of Broadway. But he is not at home as yet in designing and painting on this colossal scale, or in dealing with such a mass of figures.

A few landscapes have charm. Far too many are achieved in the Academical spirit—empty designs, made to fill canvases much too big for them, so that their emptiness becomes all the more obvious. But here and there you come upon a little unpretending picture by a man who has felt and observed the facts and effects of nature for himself. To Mr. Edward Stott, for one, Nature is full of poetry, sometimes when the sun shines its gayest at noon, sometimes when day fades into evening with tragic tenderness; and it is this solemn hour between day and night that he has painted this year in his most successful picture, "Peaceful Rest." Twilight has fallen on the low pastures below the cliffs, within sound of the sea, and the sheep are wandering by the banks of a curving pool, while the shepherd sits down to light his pipe. The sudden flame in the blue night is the motive for the harmony, its effect the problem the painter has set himself. Mr. Clausen is another landscape man whose work shows signs of personal observation and personal feeling. His "Homewards" is also a study of evening light, but in the golden moment before dusk, when upon the weary laborers and their horses, as they leave the fields, the light of the setting sun falls, turning now the old trousers of a boy, now the legs or tail of a plodding horse, to gold. There is also one of M. Thaulow's wonderful effects of snow and ice—a Norwegian mill in winter, already shown at the Salon. And if I mention Mr. Arthur Lemon's spirited horses on a wind-swept upland, I think I have exhausted the list of pictures which the conscientious American coming to London need look for on the overcrowded walls of the Academy.

The sculpture has often been better in past years. There is little of note. Mr. Gilbert is not represented, and this means a serious loss. Mr. Frampton, who has just been elected a full Academician, makes but an indifferent showing. Mr. Alexander Fisher, whose enamels are so often very beautiful in color and design, breaks out in a huge allegorical bronze arrangement for a chimney-piece, with a bit of verse tagged on, that is unexpected as it is disappointing. However, there are a fine "Wounded Leopard," by Mr. Swan, and a bronze group of a "Boy and Bear Cubs," both more graceful and distinguished in line and composition than his much smaller "Polar Bears" in silver. A pathetic little outstretched figure, called "Snowdrift," is all the more pathetic as the last work completed by Onslow Ford, just before his death in December.

N. N.

Correspondence.

MARY DYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The tragedy of Mary Dyer, who was hung on Boston Common in 1660 for being one of those people called in scorn Quakers, must always glare from the annals of the early Massachusetts colony. A woman of attainments above the average, the wife of a leading man in the neighboring plantation of Rhode Island, the mother of a large family, and a person of acknowledged exemplary conduct, her experience at the hands of the Massachusetts authorities stands out as shockingly brutal, even though inflicted at a time when persecutions of Quakers were carried to extremes. Returning from England to Boston in 1657, she was imprisoned because the magistrates were incensed at the conduct of the Quakers. Released on condition that she would not lodge or speak in any town of Massa-

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chusetts, she remained in Rhode Island until June, 1659, when William Robinson and Marmaduke Stephenson, both Quakers, were thrown into prison in Boston, and she felt a call from the Lord to visit them. The authorities, Endicott and Bellingham, arrested her, and it was to secure his wife's release that William Dyer wrote the letter now printed for the first time. Released she was, with her fellow-prisoners, but all were banished from the province on pain of death should they return.

The subsequent history of these three persons is among the well-known stories of New England. How they did return, in response to what was to them a call from on high, and how Robinson and Stephenson were hung in the clumsy manner of the day, while Mary Dyer sat under the gallows tree, with a rope round her neck and expecting to suffer the same penalty; how the torture of seeing her friends strangled was prolonged by making her mount the ladder, blindfolded, only to be saved from death by a reprieve determined upon days before the date of execution—could the details of such a story be heightened even in imagination? Again sent out of the colony, she once more returned, to find that her judges had in the meantime grown merciful—they hung her without torture.

This letter throws much light upon the attitude of the Quakers and the manner of arresting Mary Dyer. It is now in the collections of the Boston Public Library.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

BOSTON, May 5, 1902.

Gentlemen

hauing receiued some letters from my wife, I am giuen to vnderstand of her Comittment to close prison, to a place (according to description) not vnlike to Bishop Bonners roomes not a place to sitt or lye upon butt dust. It is a sad Condition that New England professors are come unto, in exersising such Cruelties towards their fellow creatures & sufferers in old England upon the same acount. Under the bishops as yor selues now, had you no comiseration of a tender [*eaten out by m ce*] that being wett to the skin you cause her to be thrust into a Room whereon was nothing to [*eaten*] or lye downe but dust (as is sd) hadd yor dogg been wett you would haue afforded it the [*eaten*] of a chimny corner to dry it self, or had yor hoggs been pend in a sty you wold haue afforded them some dry straw, or els you wold haue wanted mercy to yor beast, but alas Christians now wth you are used worse than hoggs or doggs oh merciless Crueltie, & what doth eumce but a rateficacoñ of that booke lately come ouer to Mr Cunnigraue from his wife in England intiteled the Popish inquisition exerted in N England, w'th how then, & how may bee resented by the supream Authority of England & its dominions time, will declare, & I beleeue you will be made sensible of, the carriages therein exprest doth relent the harts of the rudest of men, besides abhominating the carriages of men called magistrats in ye seat of justice, w'thall relating that you haue done more in p'secution in one yeare then the worst bishops did in seeuen, & now to add more towards a tender woman in yt condition, that gaue you no just cause against her; for did she come to yor meetings to disturb them as you call it, or did she come to reprehend the magistrats: only came to visit her friends in prison, & when dispatching that her intent of returning to her family as she declared in her [*eaten*] the next day to the Gor, therfor it is you that disturbed her, else why was she not lett alone [what] house entred she to molest or what did shee, that like a malefactor she must be haled to [prison] or what law did she transgress? she was about a business justifiable befor god & all good men; [eueu] the worst of men, the bishops themselves denyed not the visitacoñ; & Releife of freinds to their [*stainen*] vers, wch my self haue oft experienced, by visiting Mr Prine Mr Smart & other eminent [*stained*] when he was Commanded close in the tower, I had resort once or twice a week, & neuer fetcht befor Authority to ask me wherfor I came to the Tower, or Kings bench, or Gate house; sure it argues yor selues, little to practise that duty when you were ther in England, and men had ther not euen more aduenterous tender harted professors then yor selues many of them you call godly ministers and [many?] might haue perisht for ought I know, & doubtless the authority ther might quickly haue [filled] the prisons w'th such as came upon such arrants out of a tender conscience; if that course you take had been in use w'th them, as to send for a person, & ask them wherfor they came thither, what hath not people in America the same liberty as beasts & birds haue to pass the land or ayre w'thout examinacoñ, or are you of the fearful mind as the barbarous Chinensis, that wold nott permit others to come into their Country because ——

And when she had declared her business then for those that sitts in the seat of justice to charge her she was a quaker: what a judge & an accuser both just as did the Spanish inquisitors in Spaine to Mr Lithgow, You are a spie, say they notwithstanding he shew'd his Comissions, butt ipse dixit, a spie they say he was, & into such a like place as you haue putt my wife, so did they thrust him, & did not giue him so much as straw to lye on but kept him close according as my wife writs me word, & informacoñ, yt she had ther been about a fortnight & had not trede on the ground, but saw it out at ye windowes: what inhumanity is this, had you neuer wiues of yor owne; what can man yt is borne of a woman, or euer had any tender affecoñ to a woman, deale so w'th a woman, what is nature forgoten, if refreshmt be debared, butt Benningfoold the Lady Elizabeths dogged keeper wold admitt the Liberty of the garden to her though a condemn'd Heretick, as they called her, oh cruell unheard of dealings, wher was her accusers that she was a Quaker, only Mr Bellingham, a magistrat & an accuser what hath magistrats (in the simplicity of justice) to doe to make inquisition upon persons, innocent persons, yt is brought before them, or what president is ther but the Romish inquisitors & the Bishops' oath ex officio, for did she not say when she had finisht her visitacoñ of friends, her business was done for ought she knew & so shuld returne to her family, but some of you wold charge her to come to foment her errors, wisdome wold haue staied till some svch thing had been done, that so some colorable transgression might haue appeared for proceedings, & not vpon yor owne suggestions to draw up & stuff a mittimus w'th

All ye standers by could not but [*illegible*] by their silence being appealed vnto, yt she gaue a good account of her coming, & yt she said no such things as you exprest in yor first mittimus, a copye of wch I haue also to be declared in time, and bee sure such proceeds will be clothed in Roman Buff. It is not to be forgotten the former cruelties you used towards her when she came from England, hauing been tossed at sea, all the winter, bvt a little refreshmt they had by cross winds at Barbadoes, yett as soon as come into Harbor shvt vp into a prison, & there kept [*here follow three lines which have been carefully obliterated*] for no transgression at all, only Mr Bellingham then as now said she was a quaker, just as Bonner, Gardiner, and ye rest of yt Bloody Crew said to the poore saints in St. Marys [*illegible*] they sent their bloodhounds about, (as Waitt was) w'th their euerlasting Comission to spie out & bring them before their thrones, Comonly the first or second word to them was, you are an Heretick; but it may be those dayes are forgotten, yett surely you or some of you, if euer you had the courage to look a Judges[?] in the face, cannot but remember that the 1-2 or third word from them was, You are a puritane are you not, and is it not so in N. England. The magistrats hauing contrary to gods Law assumed a Coerciue power ouer the Conscience, the first or next word after appearance is You are a Quaker. See the stepps you follow, and lett their misery be yor warning; and then if answer be not made according to the ruling will: Away w'th them to the Colehole, or new prison, or house of Correction, and neuer any of the three ages, haue wanted rayling scurilous termes, to make the innocent saints odious in the peoples eyes, espetially when they are not able to gainsay their righteous proffession, and all borrowed from yt nurserie of Deuils, the persecutors of the Waldenses: And now Gentlemen consider their ends, & believe it, itt was Certaine the Bishops ruine suddenly followed after their hott pursuance of some godly people by them calld Puritans, espetially when they proceeded to suck ye blood of Doctor Laytons and G Lillbornes backs (no more do they rend they proceeded to whipp) & the blood of Mr Prin Mr Burton & Doctor Bostwicks eares, only them three & but three, & these were as odious to them as the quakers are to you; and let me appeale to yor owne consciences, & to yor owne [*eaten*] ouer two witnesses came against any person you haue eythere prisond [*eaten*] sworne they were quakers, or a quaker, but as yor brests conjectures so must [*eaten*] this in Generall, & now in particular, do I demand what wittness, or whether Legally testimony [?] was giuen or taken that my wife Mary Dyre was a quaker, if not before god & man how can you clear yorselues & seat of justice, from Cruelty persecution yea & so farr as in you lies murder as to her & to my self & family oppression & tiranny. the god of truth knows all this, & beleeve it is in Remembrance w'th him & of you twill be requir'd, who haue kept her to the uttmost that is to this present court or sitting to bring her into or vnder the capacity of yor Cruell Law of Banishmt, and this is the summa totalis of yor Law titled Quakers: That a Law tittled Quakers shuld be a law is that she is guilty of a breach of a law tittled Quakers is as strong, that she is lawfully conuict by 2 witnesses is not yett heard of, that she must be banished by a law tittled Quakers being not conuicted by law, but being conuented [*i. e.*, summoned for trial] by surmise & condem'd to close prison by Mr. Bellinghams suggestion is so absurd & ridiculovs, that the meanest pupill in law will hiss at such proceeds in old Lawyers. What branch of the law tittled quakers hath she broke or will you say she is vehemently suspected to be a quaker is your Law tittled Quakers Felony or Treason, that vehement suspition renders them capable of suffering Looke now upon all the Tirannicall & persecuting gouernmts in the world, & giue the like instance, & it may appease, butt for my owne pt I never heard or read of any: To Rome I being an Englishman & knowne not to be of their profession, yea to be a protestant, & may see & visitt, & yett not banisht because I am suspected to bee a protestant, & now you that profess the Law of god is yor Rule, where yor Law or Rule to keep a man's wife from him 7 or 8 weeks, & a mother from her children, in a capacity of close prison, wch Admitts of no Baylemt, is not this yor endeauor & fact of a diuorcemt what you may, & is not this little less then murder by yor owne Catechismes to bringe in a guiltless person into a little chamber in such a contagious time as god shakes his Rod ouer you in, & hath not ofered her the benefitt of the fresh ayre, truly this is a non pareille, and that she has broke no Law yor mittimus do suffitiently wittness: wch sth [sheweth] by virtue hereof you are to take into yor Custody the person [*eaten*] who upon examinacoñ before authorytie professeth her Coming into these parts was to visit the prisoners [*eaten*] account of her Comming. haue you a law or doth yor law tittled Quakers prohibitt any from visiting such as you call Quakers in hold, (besides she asked not to go in to them, but stood w'thout the doors all in the raine till she was wett to the skinn then had you had some Colour, & yett her ignorance of that Law or clause had ther been one, might haue pleaded a suffitient excuse for the first time amongst mercifull men, 2ly yor mittimus sth that she profest her self of the same Religion that Humphrey Norton was of, I dare ingage 500l she neuer spake such a word, but that she might say H. N. was in the truth I deny not, yett, haue you a law to committ such to close prison as shall say they were of H: Nortons Religion: 3ly that she refused to give a direct ans: to what was proposed to her on any other occasion, you might as well w'th the Hiepreests condemn or sauior, besides that sauors too much the oath ex officio: so much formerly dam'd by yor owneselues 4ly for affirming the light w'thin her to bee the Rule, haue you a Law that saith the light in M Dyre is not M: Dyre's rule, if you haue for that or any the fornamed a law, she then may be made a transgressor for words, & yor mittimus hold good, but if not, then haue you imprisoned her & punisht her w'thout law & against the Law of god &

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man, I mean yor selues, for if you be men, I suppose yor fundamentall lawes is yt no person shall be imprisoned or molested but upon the breach of a Law, & yett behold my wife w'thout Law & against law is imprison'd & punisht & so hiely punisht as intended to a stepp next unto death, and yt for wch you practise yor selues in part, as, she is condem'd for saying the light in her is the Rule! Is not yor light w'thin you yor rule by wch you make & act such lawes, for yee haue no Rule of gods word in the bible to make a law tittled Quakers, nor haue you any order from yor Supreme State of England to make such Lawes, Therefore it must be yor light w'thin you yt is yor Rule you walk by, and then Remr what Jesus Christ sth If the light that bee in you is darknesse how great is that darkness, The lord of his grace dispell it from you that yee may come to see and say as Adonibezeck did three score & ten kings hauing their thumbs & great toes cutt of gathered their meat under my Table, as I haue done to others so God hath done to me and they carried him to Jerusalem & ther he died: I have written thus plainly to you, being exceeding sensible of the unjust molestation & detaynmt of my deare yoke fellow [*illegible*] & my family as want of her will urge Loud in yor eares together w'th her sufferings of yor part but I question not mercy fauor & Comfort from the most high to her owne soule, though at present my self & family bee by you deprived of the Comfort & Refreshmt we might haue enjoyed by her so sth

her Husband

W: Dyre

Newport this 30th august 1659

Addressed: To the Courte of Assistants now assembled att Boston this 6th Septemb Ano 1659

Endorsed: To ye Court of Assistants d'd into ye Court by his wife M: D: 7 7mo 59.

A CLERICAL PROTEST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Those who watch with grim alarm the fatty degeneration of the national conscience, can but find added cause for concern in the communications which have recently passed between the Bishop of Massachusetts and the President.

The Bishop and clergy, in diocesan convention assembled, sent resolutions to the President expressing confidence in the Administration, and condemning the cruelty in the Philippines. These resolutions and the President's reply are rare reading. Time was when Americans did not so naïvely stultify themselves, but that time is past. With one hand the Bishop and clergy express confidence in the policy of the Administration, and with the other condemn certain specific acts to which that policy has inevitably led. But what fellowship hath light with darkness, and when did men gather from thistles figs? How the devil must laugh in his sleeve; for could the Prince of Darkness ask for better advocacy than an expression of confidence in his Administration with a condemnation of a few specific acts? Would it not be well for these reverend gentlemen to pause and consider whose followers they really are? His who sternly refused the offer of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them (notwithstanding the opportunity for missionary work which they doubtless afforded); or his who claimed temporal power, or its simulacrum, as one of his strange prerogatives? No wonder the pulpit is ineffectual when its ministers are double-minded.

The clergy of nearly all denominations seem to be Imperialists because, forsooth, the Philippines will be so fine a field for missionary labor. Do the reverend gentlemen remember the injunction, "Thou shalt not do evil that good may come," and that the only effective teaching is done, not by precept, but by example? The lessons we have taught the Filipinos they will execute, and will surely better the instruction. Lying, trickery, treachery, cruelty—these have been our admirable object-lessons, demonstrated by easy and sure stages; and the Malay race, with whom revenge is almost a religion, will lay them to heart.

When for thirty pieces of silver, or twenty millions of dollars (the price is nothing, the principle is all), we bought and betrayed innocent blood, sold our national honor, and again wounded truth and justice in the house of their professed friends, we sealed our lips and tied our hands against any real missionary labor. Now our true missionary work lies at home, in trying to take the beam out of our own eye; in striving after that courage which calls things by their true names, which judges righteous judgment, and which detects the greed, hypocrisy, self-seeking, and vain-glory which lurk behind the specious words "patriotism" and "expansion." An Episcopalian.

May 25, 1902.

WATER-TORTURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If any of your readers cares to read a heart-sickening account of sufferings under the water-torture and other "devildoms of Spain," by one of the victims, he can find it in William Lithgow's 'Travels and Voyages' (Leith, 1814). The details are too horrible for reproduction. He may also find further particulars in the 'Narrative of the Cruelties of the Dutch at Amboyna' (London, 1624). Having read these, he will understand the kind of lessons that are being taught our young men in the Philippines.—I am, sir, etc., W. H. B.

May 23, 1902.

A SOWING OF CADMUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Essay-writing is becoming easy nowadays, if we may judge by a recent instance. "The Dragon's Teeth," by Agnes Repplier (on bad spelling), in the *Outlook* for May 10, is a mere paraphrase, so far as title, subject, and about one-half of the material are concerned, of an article called "Our Curse from Cadmus," by Margaret B. Wright, in the London *Temple Bar* for May, 1898.—Very truly, C. H. C. W.

Harvard University, Cambridge, May 22, 1902.

THE BRITISH ACADEMY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondents appear to have overlooked the Rev. Joseph Hunter's "Account of the Scheme for Erecting a Royal Academy in England, in the Time of James the First," read before the Society of Antiquaries in 1846, and published in *Archæologia*, vol. xxxii., pp. 132-49. G. L. K.

Cambridge, May 20, 1902.

Notes.

It is proposed to give American students and lovers of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke an opportunity of contributing to the fund, partly raised, to establish a lectureship in poetry bearing his name, and already begun by courses from himself. A committee has been appointed, and all those who care to express, even by a moderate contribution, their regard for and appreciation of what Mr. Brooke has done for English literature and for its students in America and England, have an opportunity of coöperating with his friends in England. The amounts of subscriptions are not to be publicly announced. Checks may be sent to R. W. Gilder, No. 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

We may at the same time remind our readers that the R. D. Blackmore Memorial Fund is not yet closed. The form agreed upon for the memorial was a marble tablet in Exeter Cathedral, and any moneys remaining after this is paid for are to be turned over to the Authors' Benevolent Fund established last year in connection with the Society of Authors. American admirers of 'Lorna Doone' and the late Mr. Blackmore's personality can remit their contributions, however small, to Mr. Albert H. Whitin at Whitinsville, Mass.

The Baker & Taylor Company will issue in the autumn 'Reminiscences of a Long Life,' by the venerable Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of Brooklyn, now in his eighty-first year.

The concluding volume in Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son's "Book-Lovers' Library" is to be, 'How to Make an Index,' by Henry B. Wheatley, certainly a desideratum for a larger majority of authors and publishers.

Bliss Carman's Ode on the coronation of King Edward will be published attractively on June 1 by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The first emotion aroused by the sight of Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's book on 'The Pageant and Ceremony of the Coronation of Their Majesties King Edward the Seventh and Queen Alexandra' (D. Appleton & Co.) is one of surprise that a celebration of a few hours should provide material for a volume of 290 pages. The author, however, ekes out the bare coronation-day programme by digressions and quotations on all sorts of subjects that have anything to do with royalty, as well as by obeying that never-failing maxim for the journalist in need of copy—"When something happens, describe how the same thing happened before." It is Mr. Pascoe's special desire that those Americans who find seats reserved "for themselves or their ladies" in Westminster Abbey will take his book along with them, "and there beguile the tedious time of waiting by looking over its pages." This is not, perhaps, very likely; but it is quite true, as he goes on to say, that "it ought to inform some of a good deal they do not know," for it brings together a great many curious and interesting historical facts outside the scope of the ordinary text-book.

'The Bairn's Coronation Book,' by Clara Bridgman (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Dutton), is an ultra-loyal interpretation of the same event for the benefit of undeveloped intelligences.

The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, which owes so much of its prosperity and usefulness to the loving interest of the late John Codman Ropes, has recently published the eleventh volume of its Papers, containing a timely account of "Operations against Cuba and Porto Rico, 1595-1762," by Capt. Stockton, U. S. N.;

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"The Naval Side of the Revolutionary War," by Capt. Goodrich, U. S. N.; "The *Constitution* at Tripoli," by Professor Hollis of Harvard; "The Fight between the *Constitution* and the *Java*," by Lieut. Soley, U. S. N., and three articles by Commander J. G. Eaton, U. S. N., "The *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*," "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," and "The Last Exploit of *Old Ironsides*" (the capture of the *Cyane* and *Levant* by the *Constitution*, under Capt. Charles Stewart, the most brilliant small affair in naval history). In addition to these, which treat of American naval actions, Capt. Mahan furnishes, in his best style, a description of "The Battle of Trafalgar." All of these essays are marked by sobriety of criticism, and a careful study of original records and sources of information not readily accessible to the general public. It is worthy of note that the *Constitution's* achievements form the subject of no less than three out of the eight papers. The lesson conveyed by the episodes narrated is that skilful seamen and trained gunners will always compel success where the opposing forces are not too greatly disproportioned. The book, as enjoyable as many a collection of short stories, should find appreciation on the part of those who view the present growth of the navy either with favor or with apprehension. Its one unpardonable defect (lack of maps and plans) is only partially remedied by a copious index.

In the latest volume of the Bell-Macmillan "Great Masters" series, Dr. W. Martin, Sub-Director of the Gallery at The Hague, gives us a careful account of that once vastly admired painter of the trivial and finikin, Gerard Dou. To-day it is not easy to excite one's self over the painful finishing of broom-handles, and we have found the most interesting thing in the book in an instance of the way guesses become rapidly converted into accepted facts. As Rembrandt frequently used himself as a convenient model, it is likely enough that he treated his relations in the same way, and an old woman who often posed for him and his pupils was, long ago, plausibly enough identified as his mother. Michel found that a certain old man, also of frequent appearance in the work of the studio, had been once painted by Dou in what was apparently a companion piece to a picture of this old woman, and he concluded that the pair were husband and wife, and that this particular old man, and not any of the others who had been called so, was Rembrandt's father. Now hear Dr. Martin: "Rembrandt's father repeatedly appears in the works of Dou and of Rembrandt between 1628 and 1630; and even after his death (April 27, 1630) his portrait recurs in their pictures—a proof of the impression made on both the artists by that typical head." Perhaps so; but might not a skeptical mind consider this fact as rather an indication that Michel was possibly mistaken in his identification? The translation is by Clara Bell.

Messrs. Longman send us the first two numbers of "Little Engravings," being thin volumes of photographic reproductions after some of the masters of wood-engraving. No. 1 is devoted to the extraordinary invention and scrawled design of Albrecht Altdorfer, and No. 2 to William Blake's cuts to illustrate Thornton's School Virgil, the only wood-engravings he ever did, and remarkable for their technical daring in the bold and sketchy use of the white line. This surprising inventiveness of method on the part of a life-long plate engraver, and not any great merit in the designs themselves, gives these blocks their interest. We could wish the reproduction and printing were somewhat clearer in either volume.

'Among the Night People,' by Clara D. Pierson (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a book of children's stories of no particular merit, devoted principally to the habits of several nocturnal insects and a dozen wild mammals. Fiction, scientific facts, and moral lessons are mixed here in a confusion that makes the reader wish for either unadulterated natural history or pure fancy. The book may interest children, but it is not an artistic presentation of its subject.

'Hezekiah's Wives,' by Lillie Hamilton French (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), describes the character and domestic experiences of a canary and his four successive mates. It is a pleasant variation on the theme of the individuality of animals, and shows that some canaries rise in intelligence above the mediocre level of their kind. The writer has made the most of her material, and her sketch is clever and entertaining; but she seems at times, notably in the last pages, to have read into the actions of her birds meanings and motives quite outside the limits of avian psychology. She makes no pretensions, however, to the use of scientific methods, and readers who love canaries will not be likely to find fault with her sympathy and enthusiasm.

Dramatic revivals at Leland Stanford Jr. University and at the University of Chicago respectively have lately (on May 17) been the occasion of "The Antigone of Sophocles," translated by H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard), and of "The Case Is Altered," by Ben Jonson (The University of Chicago Press). In either case the neat pamphlet is the book of the play. The prose translation of Professors Fairclough and Murray is printed on vellum paper; the Ben Jonson comedy has a facsimile title-page from the edition of 1609, with which it has been scrupulously compared under the care of Prof. F. I. Carpenter. This souvenir of the play thus becomes as well a contribution to textual criticism.

'The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar,' edited by Michael Macmillan, is the latest addition to the Bowen-Merrill Shakspere (Indianapolis). If the brilliant binding is not exactly a delight to the cultured eye, there is compensation in the quality of the paper, the clearness of the print, and the ample margins. The introduction runs slightly over ninety pages, one-third of which is devoted to a reprint of the portions of Plutarch (North's translation) upon which the play is based. The original matter is good and helpful in itself, but it lacks much and adds little as compared with chapters viii. and ix. of Professor Moulton's 'Shakspere as a Dramatic Artist.' Mr. Macmillan goes to an unwarranted length in concluding from such words as are put into the mouth of *Casca*, "The rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," etc., that the poet himself "heartily despised the multitude." The dramatic justification for such passages, where they occur, is entirely sufficient, and narrowness in the artist's sympathies must be proved from other sources. The footnotes might well have been confined within briefer limits. We do not need to be told that "Hence! home!" means *go hence, go home;* or that the carpenter's rule is "a piece of wood used by carpenters to keep their lines straight"; or that the Tiber banks from which the poor commoners were advised by *Flavius* to weep their tears into the channel were the banks of the Tiber (whereas there was opportunity to give a word to the possible echo of Horace in the reference of *Marullus* to the Tiber, a few lines before). Even a few such notes give the work the air of the elementary school-room, and are certainly not in harmony with the intent of the edition.

The most recent Greek additions to the Oxford Classical Texts are the 'Republic,' edited by Burnet, the first volume of Euripides, edited by Prof. Gilbert Murray, and both volumes of the Iliad, edited by Monro and Allen. The special fitness of these names will be immediately recognized by all scholars. Professor Murray has had the advice and private criticism of Von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf.

A useful pamphlet entitled 'Classical Archæology in Schools,' by Professor Percy Gardner, is published by the Clarendon Press (H. Frowde). Dr. Gardner explains briefly to teachers the manner in which archæology may be applied to illustrate the study of the classics and of ancient life, and gives some valuable advice on the subject. This is followed by a serviceable list of photographs, slides, prints, etc., with prices and publishers. The list might be supplemented to advantage, for schools in "the States," by reference to some American collections. Two of these it does, in fact, name. We believe that American schools and colleges have made an earlier start in this line of study than the English, as Dr. Keep's letter, recently published in these columns, conclusively proves. For this we have partly to thank the American School at Athens, and the impulse it diffuses.

The *American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac* for 1905, recently issued by the Bureau of Equipment of the Navy Department, presents no noteworthy departures from the general design of the volumes recently preceding. The results reached by the Paris international conference of 1896 are embodied in practical form, so that astronomers who desire to use the star-places corrected to this standard, in preference to the earlier standard of Struve and Peters, can do so without the necessity of differential computation. The eclipses of the year are four in number, two each of the sun and the moon. Neither of the lunar eclipses is of moment, however; but of those of the sun, the annular eclipse of March 5 is visible in Australia, and the total eclipse of August 30 is the next one likely to afford the geographic conditions essential for expeditions. Labrador, Spain, and Northern Africa are the favored regions, and the total phase lasts about three and one-half minutes. By a misleading error of the draughtsman of the eclipse map, the province of Algeria is sunk within the bounds of the Mediterranean Sea. The predictions of stellar occultations are very full; but, as seen from Washington, the moon passes over no planet in 1905, nor any very bright star except Aldebaran on

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September 19 and December 10. The useful auxiliary diagrams for identifying the planetary satellites are continued.

There has been much speculation concerning the absolute time when the outburst of light in the new star in Perseus, visible more than a year ago, actually took place. Now that the astronomers have calculated the star's parallax and distance from the solar system, definite data are at hand for deciding this interesting question. Dr. Ernst Hartwig of Bamberg finds, from a discussion of his careful observations, that the star is so remote from us that the luminous outburst must have taken place as long ago as 1880, and there are indications that it happened even earlier.

Dalny, on the Liao-tung Peninsula of Mantchuria, the terminus of the trans-Siberian railway system, owes its origin to a Russian imperial edict dated July 30, 1899. It is now, according to the *Consular Reports* for May, a substantial city of 50,000 inhabitants, with residences, hotels, churches, schools, places of amusement, and parks containing flowers, shrubs, and ornamental trees. Five stone piers, two first-class dry docks, and a breakwater are being constructed, and two steam dredgers are deepening the harbor. Twenty-three thousand laborers are at work, and the cost thus far is about $6,000,000, while it is intended to spend $12,000,000 more in completing the task. There is no custom-house, as the port is absolutely free, and the Government is to consist of a council, two of whom must be Russians, elected by the rate-payers, who may be of any nationality. There is continuous railway service to St. Petersburg, twenty-one days distant. A plan and numerous photographs show better than any description the astonishing work of a little more than two years.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number four, contains an account of two journeys in 1877 and 1878 in West Africa by Alexander Ross. They are the first of a series of articles on forgotten travels in Kamerun by Paul Langhans. A new route from Yakutsk to Ayan on the Sea of Okhotsk is described by A. Sibiriakoff, who extols the advantages of this place as a commercial port for eastern Siberia. Baron von Toll concludes the story of his voyage through the Kara Sea, and gives a brief sketch of the scientific work of the expedition during the year 1900.

The only foreign learned organization in the city of Constantinople is the Russian Archæological Institute founded in 1895. Its recent annual report, published by the Director, Professor Uspensky, shows that it is rapidly becoming the literary and learned centre for the whole Slavic colony in the Turkish capital, as the Servian and Bulgarian officials and scholars also participate in the work, especially in attending the lecture courses given by the Director on Byzantine history. The Institute has a museum of its own, particularly well supplied with material for the study of Byzantine archæology and history. The Russian Ambassador presided at the recent annual sessions of the Institute.

A Danish expedition, equipped by the Carlsberger Fund, and under the direction of the archæologist Dr. Blinkenberg, has just started for the island of Rhodes. After long negotiations, the Sultan's permission to undertake researches there has been secured. They will be first made in the small city of Lindos on the northeastern coast of the island, where there are large ruins and ancient structures. The archæologist Dr. Kirsch accompanies the expedition.

The announcement of a "Course for beginners in Greek" and a course in Latin for "linguistic introduction into the sources of Roman law," at the University of Berlin and the other Prussian universities, is an event in educational history worth noting. These new courses are intended for graduates of the Real-gymnasium and the Oberrealschule, now admitted to the study of medicine and jurisprudence. It is evident that their introduction means the partial shifting of the ancient languages from the line of disciplinary or culture studies to that of aids to special professional knowledge.

Concerning our recent article on "Reference Libraries of Art Reproductions" (No. 1921), Mr. Silas H. Berry, Librarian of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 317 West Fifty-sixth Street, reminds us that there is in his care a remarkable collection of books on art, which is freely open to the public. Architecture claims not less than 912 volumes; art antiquities, 300; sculpture, 225; engravings and prints, 840; portraits, including 8,000 collected previous to 1737, 204 volumes. This feature of the library is evidently too little known, and is clearly worthy the attention of students of art.

—Frances Power Cobbe, now in her eightieth year, has prepared, and Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have published with an elaborate preface and some supplementary matter a fourth edition of her 'Theory of Intuitive Morals,' which was originally issued in 1855. The book at that time made a profound impression. Theodore Parker and other American Transcendentalists received it with tumult of acclaim. Miss Cobbe now writes of it as the best piece of literary work done in her long life. The statement would command readier assent if she had left out the word "literary," which, however, she probably uses in its inclusive sense. It was certainly her most effective piece of writing. The first supplementary essay is a criticism of Darwin's moral theory in the 'Descent of Man,' and the second deals more particularly with Spencer's doctrine of transmitted experience as the cause in us of moral intuition. But what we crave is the application of Miss Cobbe's theory to such statements as those of Sidgwick and Leslie Stephen, which so profoundly modify the doctrine of Bentham and even that of Mill. We should also like to know what she has to say to such a mediating statement as that of Friedrich Paulsen's 'System of Ethics,' which does not, with Martineau, leave ethics hanging in the air, nor make the attainment of happiness our moral end and aim, but expounds a doctrine of "teleological energism"—that the moral law exists for the sake of life, not life for the moral law. But Miss Cobbe's book abounds in moral inspiration quite apart from its intuitional theory.

—Does the spirit of Hearne and the Nonjurors still flourish at Oxford? Probably not, but there appears from New College a volume which recalls the fortunes of the fallen dynasty in a picturesque and unusual manner. This work, 'Five Stuart Princesses' (Dutton), is a series of five essays by five different writers. Mr. Robert S. Rait, the editor, is a fellow of New, and all the other contributors, save Mr. Hodgkin of Queen's, are members of the same college. Of the five Stuart dames who have been selected as the subjects of these studies, four stand in tolerably close relation with each other. They are Elizabeth of Bohemia (Mr. Hodgkin), Mary of Orange (Mr. Cecil), Henrietta of Orleans (Mr. Bridge), and Sophia of Hanover (Mr. Rait). The other Princess, Margaret of Scotland (Mr. Butler), is removed from the first of this seventeenth-century group by nearly two hundred years and a great difference of circumstance. The reason why she is singled out from the many Stuart princesses of the early period seems to be a special one. Mr. Butler aims at illustrating the nature of the mediæval connection between Scotland and France. The Margaret in question, a daughter of James I., married Louis XI. while he was still the Dauphin, and died before he came to the throne. Her tragedy is, as Mr. Rait says, "one of those episodes in history which can never fail to appeal to the imagination and to the emotions; and it is a story little known." Our principal duty is to point out that the present volume is not simply a piece of compilation from books which are more or less accessible to the general public. In each case the author has made an independent study of the princess about whom he writes, for the sake of showing her relation to her immediate circle and to the main problems of contemporary politics so far as they were affected by her. Naturally enough, Elizabeth of Bohemia receives the largest allotment of space, for among all the Stuart princesses she is distinguished by the superiority of her talents. Mr. Hodgkin shows a very clear, discriminating perception of her gifts and character. "If Elizabeth," he says, "had come to the English throne (and for some years this had seemed a likely event), England might well have seen another Elizabethan reign as prosperous as that which had gone before. If the daughter of James I. was inferior to the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Anne Boleyn in caution and in a regard for economy, she surpassed her in straightforwardness and in devotion to the Protestant cause, she rivalled her in the capacity to arouse admiration and enthusiasm." These essays are not too much indebted to Mr. Gardiner, and as a collection of short biographies they are unquestionably to be commended.

—Bell's "Cathedral Series" (Macmillan), in its green covers, is growing towards completion, for it includes now twenty-five special volumes together with the general Handbook by James G. Gilchrist of the University of Iowa and the Rev. T. Perkins, rector of Turnworth, which is illustrated with just such half-tones as adorn the volumes devoted to separate cathedral establishments, and has in addition a map of England with the important architectural centres laid down, and a blacker and a paler line each explaining a possible itinerary. This map may be useful even for one who does not aspire to rush through the ecclesiastical architecture of England in a single trip, for it is of the utmost importance to know how to go from your centre, as London, in short circular trips southwestward, southeastward, or northward, and just

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how many towns you can "take in" in your fortnight's flight. On the page adjoining the map is a table of the comparative dimensions of the cathedral churches, with a memorandum of their original foundation, for at least half of the English cathedral churches were once Benedictine monasteries or abbeys of St. Austin. Other interesting things are hidden away in this table, as, for instance, the fact that while only one English cathedral has a dome, three only (Lichfield, Norwich, and Salisbury) were known to the compiler as having spires. Chichester also has one, and at Oxford and on the western tower of Southwell are blunt and not lofty spires; but all the rest of the many cathedral towers of England are flat-topped. It is not surprising that the people of Coventry are proud of the three steeples which dominate their little town, nor that Tennyson once

". . . hung with grooms and porters on the bridge
To watch the three tall spires,"

for few are the towns in England which have even one such "star y-pointing pyramid," or at least one of ancient construction. The last one of the special volumes has to do with one of those four glorified cathedrals, viz., Chichester, on the south coast near Brighton; and the frontispiece shows the low-roofed nave and choir with low western towers and the single central spire, of no great height, but of very graceful design—an exact rebuilding of that which fell in 1861. The book has been written from a more strictly architectural standpoint than many of the series, for its author is Hubert C. Corlette, an associate of the Institute of British Architects. The chapter devoted to the "Diocese and See" is illustrated by some pictures which do not relate to the cathedral itself—the market cross, and two admirable tenth-century panels of elaborate sculpture, now in the church, indeed, but certainly not belonging to it.

—The merits of coca as the divine panacea for human ills are set forth in a volume of 576 pages by W. Golden Mortimer, M.D., under the caption, 'The History of Coca' (New York: J. H. Vail & Co.). It may fairly be said that nothing one might wish to know about this interesting plant and the preparations made from it, has been omitted, but it is doubtful whether the author will carry conviction to many, on account of his peculiar unfitness for writing a book. It was well enough for the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker to begin the History of New York with the creation of the world, but this example is not exactly a safe one for other historians to follow. It becomes too fatiguing to read a full disquisition on the muscles, the nerves, the digestive organs, and the rest, for the sake of knowing the special action of coca on each part of the system. A physician does not require such elementary discussions, and the public cares not a fig for them. Neither is it necessary to preface an explanation of the use of coca in improving the vocal organs, by an epitome of the history and development of music. The matter is made worse when the author is destitute of the fundamentals of literary technique, without which no one should venture to write a book. That coca relieves fatigue by eliminating impurities from the blood, that it retards waste of tissue, diminishes the consumption of carbohydrates even under severe exertion, and that it stimulates the digestive functions, are points which the author emphasizes, and which may be true. That the "coca habit" cannot be acquired, however, demands more proof than has here been brought together. The most valuable feature of the book consists in a classified list of opinions of 369 eminent physicians upon the effects of this remarkable plant.

—'Post-Bellum Financial Administration of Japan' is the title of a bound book which contains Count Matsukata's final report to the Minister-President of State. It is a masterly conspectus of Japan's finances from 1896 to 1900, showing in detail, not only the budgets laid before and voted by the Imperial Diet, but the various special *comptabilités*, such as the mint and printing bureaus, silk filature, manufactory for articles needed for telegraph and lighthouse service, mining works, fire-arms factories, the Government railways, the universities and special schools, forestry, Formosan administration, etc. The book contains much luminous information about internal taxation, tariff system, leaf-tobacco monopoly (begun in 1898), the coinage, loans, use of the Chinese indemnity, etc. The introduction is pleasantly autobiographical, while modest, for the Count's supremacy as financial master of Japan is without challenge—except possibly by those violators of the law against whom he has been singularly active and diligent. In addition to the detail of information, with elaborate tables showing the revised land values, one sees incidentally how much like Holland Japan is, in having to pay continuously so much money for dikes to guard against devastation by river floods. For 1900-01 the expenditures for three of the rivers passed beyond 675,000,000 yen, and a scheme for five other streams, requiring some years for its fulfilment, is financed at 1,785,972,685 yen. Many new industries, including the breeding of cattle and horses, encouragement of art manufactures, and scientific agriculture under Government stimulus, are being grandly developed. The increase of the budget from 80,000,000 yen to 200,000,000 yen in 1896, and its steady enlargement in later years, with the tremendous expansion in all lines of production, industry, and business, and the change in the empire from the silver to the gold standard —all safely carried through—are among the remarkable phenomena of modern history. Not a little of the credit of Japan's happy financial revolution can be credited to Matsukata's foresight, ability, and patience. In Formosa the silver standard is temporary, but is necessarily still used. The book is printed at the Tokio Tsukiji Type Foundry.

STILES'S DIARY.

The Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. Edited under the Authority of the Corporation of Yale University, by Franklin Bowditch Dexter, M.A. New York: Scribners. 1901. 3 vols. Pp. 665, 573, 648.

Of the publications issued by the officers of Yale University in connection with the recent bi-centennial of its foundation, none are more valuable than the 'Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles,' which has been put forth under the scholarly and illuminating editorship of Professor Dexter. His accurate reproduction of the text of Stiles's manuscript, his careful annotations and elucidations of Stiles's allusions, and thorough indexing, render the work a model of painstaking editorial supervision, and are worthily supplemented by the beauty of the typographic dress. Stiles's Diary was begun January 1, 1769, when the author was forty-one years of age and a pastor at Newport. It was continued uninterruptedly through the vicissitudes incident to the Revolutionary war, his election to the Presidency of Yale College, and his years of service as the head of that educational foundation—the last entry being made within six days of his death, in May, 1795. Though lacking much of the personal and social detail and quaint gossipy flavor that renders Sewall's Diary so enjoyable reading, or the interest attaching to the origin of the English colonies which characterizes Winthrop's Journal, Stiles's record must rank as among the few significant diaries of early New England.

The reader often wishes that Stiles had given more of custom or of social usage, but the gleanings of this field which can be gathered from his pages are very considerable. The record is that of an intensely active, eager-minded, widely inquisitive man, of much zeal for antiquarian research and thirst for knowledge in any field of scholarship open to him, conspicuously marked by an unfeigned desire to serve his country and his God in a trying time. One reads it with a deepening impression of the moral earnestness of the age in which the writer lived, and of the high purpose with which he strove to make the scanty resources at his command count for the interests of the mind and the less material concerns of life.

For his time Stiles was a man of broad sympathies. A successful Congregational pastor, his eager study of Hebrew brought him into cordial relations with the Jews of Newport. He had a kindly feeling for the observance of the Christian year. Christmas occasionally saw him in the Episcopal house of worship. He was asked by an Episcopal congregation to take orders and become its rector. He had good words for the Friends and the Lutherans. But his charity had its limits. He had no sympathy with the "new divinity" which the disciples of Edwards were propagating. He mourned (in 1769) the "prevalence of Episcy & Wickedness," and he noted the death of a famous Vermonter as that of "the profane & impious Deist Gen. Ethan Allen, Author of the *Oracles of Reason*, a Book replete with scurrilous Reflexions on Revelation,—'And in Hell he lift up his Eyes being in Torments.' "

Stiles's cordial relations with the Hebrews of Newport were induced by his desire to know more of their language, literature, and customs, and this desire was but one illustration of his general inquisitiveness. The transit of Venus, the invention of a new water-wheel, the discovery of a solvent for gold, the marvels of the balloon, a dark day, a bit of ecclesiastical antiquarianism, the fathers of the early church, biographic facts regarding eminent contemporaries, or the measurement of buildings in the town where he lived, alike engaged his attention. But, as was to be expected of his age, his prime objects of study were Biblical and linguistic. These tastes he impressed on his household. On

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the fourteenth birthday of his elder son, in 1773, he records that the boy "has read out Virgil, Tully's Select Orations, &c., in Latin—& in Greek the four Evangelists & Acts—in Hebrew 48 Psalms." The second Mrs. Stiles learned Hebrew in middle life under her husband's tuition. Curiously illustrative of the spirit of the age is the reading of the Bible in course, which Stiles fostered in his household and encouraged by his example. He notes in 1793:

"My D. Ruth from 1775 to 1793 . . . has read her Bible fourteen times through: and my Gr. D. Eliza aet 11 has read it thro' five times. Emilia has lost her minutes, but has proby read it a dozen times & more. . . . My other Child. have read it sundry times . . . My [first] wife died 1775. She read thro' the Bible five times the last four years of her Life. . . . Kezia [his daughter] died 1785; she read it thro' five times the last five years of her Life. Besides readg in course privately in my Study, I read thro' the Bible in my Famy at family Morning Prayers from 1760 to 1791, Eight times."

This extent of Bible reading was characteristic of the age rather than peculiar to Stiles; but his wide scholarship, in which he stood conspicuous, led to the bestowment on him by Princeton, in 1784, of "two Degrees . . . at the same time, that of D.D. and that of Doctor of Civil & Canon Laws." It illustrates the nearness of life's sorrows to its satisfactions, as well as the slowness with which news travelled even after American independence had been secured, that on the day following this unusual honor he first learned, at Princeton, of the death of his elder son in North Carolina more than five weeks before.

Stiles's most significant work was in connection with Yale. It was not merely the ordinary difficulties of student government that he dreaded—they were evident enough to his apprehension: "An hundred & Fifty or 180 Young Gentlemen Students, is a Bundle of Wild Fire not easily controlled & governed—and at best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns." But far more serious were the perils to the college from lack of funds, the turmoil incident to war, and, above all, from religious and political disaffection, causing the college to be regarded with suspicion by a large portion of the inhabitants of the commonwealth. Stiles's anxieties and labors, and his successful management of the interests committed to his charge, are abundantly evidenced by the Diary under review. The actual force of instruction during most of his incumbency consisted of the President, a professor of divinity who was primarily the pastor of the college church, and three or four young and frequently changed tutors. But even this scanty equipment was frequently impaired by ill-health or other causes. In this situation Stiles had often to become a teacher of most dissimilar themes. In 1780 he records:

"The Business of the Professorship of Divy now devolves on me for the present; and besides my Histy Lect. I weekly give a public Disserta or two on some philosophical or astronomical subject besides my private or chamber Lecture on Theology every Saturday afternoon. And besides these I attend every day the Recitations of the Senior & Jun. classes in Philosophy. . . . So that I am called to fill the offices of *three Professorships & the Presidency* at the same time."

The senior debates under Stiles's moderatorship offered a varied range of discussions, from so odd a legal question as "Whether Lazarus, after his Resurrection, had a right to his former Estate?" to discussions "Whether [it is] good Policy in the old States to encourage Emigration into Kentucky, Ohio & the New States?" "Whether Congress ought to have more Power & Authority?" or "Whether Imprisonment for Debt be just & right?" It lifts the curtain on the judgments of a bygone time to find the seniors debating "Whether Readg Novelles is beneficial"; and to note, in 1786, that the President "fined about 20 Scholars for going to see a play acted." A pathetic, yet often absurdly incongruous, portion of the Diary is that which records the progress of the nervous malady that dimmed the brilliant youthful promise of Stiles's colleague, the Professor of Divinity, and resulted at times in epileptic seizures in the most solemn portions of public worship. But it is far less strange to modern taste that a kindly and pitying Corporation should have allowed ministrations to continue which were so interrupted, than that the College pastor should thus begin a sermon to a student audience—a discourse that won the President's approval: "I shall entertain you with a miscellaneous Discourse upon the Words of an impious & abandoned Woman, So she caught him & kissed him &c. Prov. vii., 13-14."

In view of the conspicuity of Stiles's public station, and his inquisitive interest in the world about him, the Diary is somewhat disappointing in its harvest of information regarding matters of national interest. Stiles was ardently devoted to the patriotic cause. As early as 1773, certainly, he was entertaining the thought of American independence; but the comparative indefiniteness of information regarding the progress of public politics shows how the absence of the telegraph and of the ample newspaper service of the present day limited the knowledge of current events to be had by any one remote from the immediate centres of political activity. Such matters as came under Stiles's observation are told with much fulness of detail. He gives a clear picture of the capture of New Haven by the British forces, and of the state of alarm in which that town was plunged for months thereafter by fear of a repetition of the raid. He discussed the proposed American Constitution with his friends, and followed its fortunes with mingled hopes and fears. Some of these are well expressed in the following paragraph, which is worthy of quotation as embodying the contemporary opinion of the most eminent teacher in the New England of his day:

"We conversed on the new Constitution formed by the Convention. On wc I have formed this as my Opinion: 1. That it is not the most p'fect Constitution yet 2. That it is a very good one, & that it is advisable to adopt it However 3. That tho' much of it will be p'manent & lasting, yet much of it will be hereafter altered by future Revisions. And 4. That the best one remains yet to be investigated. When the Convention was proposed I doubted its Expediency. 1. Because I doubted whether our wisest Men had yet attained Light eno' to see & discern the best, & what ought finally to prevail. 2. Neither did I think the People were ripe for the Reception of the best one if it could be investigated. And yet 3. I did not doubt but Time & future Experience would teach, open & lead us to the best one. And tho' we have got a much better one than I expected, & a very good one, yet my Judgt still remains as before. I think there is not Power enough yet given to Congress for firm Government. Neither can I see how far it is safe to surrender the powers of the States to the Imperial Body, without 1. prostratg the Sovereignty of the particular States. 2. Without laying the Founda of the Presidents growing up into an uncontrollable & absolute Monarch. And yet I think the last as well guarded as possible, and I know not whether it is possible to vest Congress with Laws, Revenues, & Army & Navy, without endangering the Ruin of the interior Powers & Liberties of the States."

Under date of March 21, 1776, Stiles notes that the British troops, on evacuating Boston, left "Images of Hay dressed like Sentries standing with a Label on the Breast of one, inscribed 'Welcome Brother Jonathan.'" Professor Dexter comments that "the use of this phrase by the British at this date seems to prove that the common explanation of its origin (with reference to Washington's consultation with Gov. Jonathan Trumbull) cannot be the correct one."

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

It is the fortune of great cities to produce a large and indispensable class of what may be called semi-poets—of those who, with a little repression, might perhaps have accomplished something of triumphant value, but who win an after-dinner success so easily that they are rather apt to stop there. Thus it is with Mr. Charles Henry Webb's 'With Lead and Line along Varying Shores' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). He said in his earlier book, 'Vagrom Verse,' that the collection might have been epic "if he'd had a mind"; and in this volume he touches lightly on almost everything, from Captain Sid Fisher to Captain John Brown. Sid Fisher, on the whole, comes, as here painted, nearest to the human heart. It is a tale of a certain night when the fishing-boats from Nantucket were all driven in by a hurricane and the light at the end of the jetty went out. Thus it is unfolded (p. 83):

Once late in the fall came a terrible night,—
The sky was black and the sea was white;
The fishing fleet had been out all day
With their nets and trawls on the lower bay;
Though little of wind, we knew by the ruck
Of smoke-colored clouds around Tuckernuck,
By the whimper of gull and scream of curlew
As they wheeled and away for Muskeget flew,
By the sky flattened now like an adder's crest,
And the flashing of forked tongues in the north-west,
That a pot-full old Davy had put on to brew,
And soon it would simmer there, back of Coatue.

Night came, and the tempest, with drive and din,
Till the bravest well wished the boats were in,—
And more than wished when there came a shout
That the light on the end of the jetty was out!
It was then Sid Fisher said this thing to me:
"Ne'er a dory could land in that red-hot sea;
And my cat-boat out in that crunchin' swell
Wouldn't live no longer 'n a cat in hell!
But they'd take it unkind, the boys, belike,
If their boats bound in on the jetty 'd strike.
'Tain't just what you'd call a promisin' night;
But I guess I'll skin out an' fix my light."

"It ain't no sort o' use," said old Skipper Snow;
But he said, said Sid Fisher, "I'm a-goin' to go!"
He tightened no belt, for no belt he wore;
He cast no last look as he left the shore
(And mostly you'll find these belts and looks
Are frequentest tightened and cast in books);
But he took off his shoes—a practical thing—
That his feet to the rocks might like limpets cling,
And out in the night and the storm he crept
To the jetty's end where the light was kept.

God! it was something to see him go
Out on that reef of fear and woe!
However he did it I do not know!

The rocks all green with a slippery moss
Gave little of foothold by which to cross,
And with jagged points and barnacle shells
Cut wounds that were all of them crimson wells;
But he climbed and bled through that hell of hells,—
Through lurid billows that high and higher
Swung torches of phosphorescent fire;

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Through smother of spray and fret of spume
That flew like waste from a weaver's loom,—
Until lost in the night; and we saw no more,
Though all waited and watched upon the shore,
Till a red light showed on the jetty's end,
And the boats came bowling into the bend.

For he got there—and back; just how I can't say;
But all out that night were alive next day;
For the matter of that, most are living yet,
Still busy with dredge, with trawl, and net—
Thanks to heaven—and something to Sid,
Who showed them a light when the stars were hid.

The poems of Robert Bridges ("Droch") entitled 'Bramble Brae' (Scribner) are largely of the same after-dinner class with those which prevail in Mr. Webb's volume, but the younger poet is more meditative, and there is a whole volume of criticism condensed into these eight lines upon a brother author (p. 75):

IN GEORGE MEREDITH'S POEMS.

Here is a forest tangle—
Rank weeds, luxuriant ferns, and giant trees,
All in a hoarse-voiced wrangle,
With creaking branches swaying in the breeze.
But if you care to listen,
Above the noise you'll hear the piping of a bird,
Gay feathers in the tree-tops glisten,
And over all the sweetest music ever heard.

For some reason not yet thoroughly explained, New York still fails to inspire poetry as London does, and the poetry even of London is still admittedly inadequate. The 'Poems' of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts (L. C. Page & Co.) contain the best New York silhouettes yet drawn, but even he has never equalled the poems which he wrote when he had Blomidon and Tantramar for a background, as, for instance, his "Epitaph for a Sailor Buried Ashore." Yet the very name of his "New York Nocturnes" creates expectation, and such a poem as this does something to fulfil it (p. 115):

ON THE ELEVATED RAILROAD AT ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET.

Above the hollow deep where lies
The city's slumbering face,
Out, out across the night we swing,
A meteor launched in space.

The dark above is sown with stars;
The humming dark below
With sparkle of ten thousand lamps
In endless row on row.

Tall shadow towers with glimmering lights
Stand sinister and grim
Where upper deep and lower deep
Come darkly rim to rim.

Our souls have known the midnight awe
Of mount, and plain, and sea;
But here the city's night enfolds
A vaster mystery.

Short as it is, this poem is perhaps one verse too long, since the closing lines are simply a guideboard to point out the moral —an error sometimes committed by Longfellow, and almost always by Whittier.

It is rather difficult to know what view to take of the curious book called 'Poems: Medley and Palestina,' by J. W. De Forest (New Haven: Tuttle). The poet is the author of many novels whose success might have been more substantial had not Mr. Howells selected one of them for rather extravagant praise, from which some reaction apparently followed. There are two parts of this volume, the first half being essentially a medley, as it claims to be, with much poor material in it, and the second part being mystically religious, and often as grim in versification and phraseology as Sternhold and Hopkins. The very first line of these poems of Palestine is in celebration of "Chedarlaomer of Elam," and we are liable at any time to encounter such verses as (p. 182)—

"The wool of Kedar's sable tents;
Togarmah's steeds and Javan's swords;
The bars of Ophir's aureate hoards;
The spice of Sheba and the scents."

The author is, however, one of many who have sung the Palatine light of Block Island, always a poetic theme; and there are some love songs, especially "The Meeting" (p. 58), which have deservedly led a life in the corners of newspapers for many years. At any rate, a man who is the author of more than one good novel, and who afterwards fought at Port Hudson and in the Shenandoah valley, has some right to beguile his old age as he will.

Longman the publisher, the founder of the great house, used to say sternly to young authors, "Book, sir, book? It's the title." Few young poets come before the public with so many original and suggestive titles for their poems as Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, in her volume, 'The Heart of the Road, and Other Poems' (Houghton)—such, for instance, as "Song of the Wandering Dust," "The Shadow of a Cloud," "The Keeper of the Halfway House," "The Watch-Tower of the Soul," "A Voice from the Outlands," "The Piper's Morrow," "The Thought of the Little Brother." The mere table of contents to this book suggests more to the imagination than the whole contents of a dozen average volumes, and, moreover, each title has something to justify it. One alone we would fain have seen omitted, "The Dance of All Dead Bones," which is needlessly grim. But what can be daintier than this dream of girlish childhood (p. 44)?

THE BLOOMING OF THE ROSE.

What is it like, to be a rose?

Old Roses, softly, "Try and see."

Nay, I will tarry. Let me be
In my green peacefulness and smile.
I will stay here and dream awhile.
'Tis well for little buds to dream,
Dream—dream—who knows—
Say, is it good to be a rose?
Old roses, tell me! Is it good?

Old Roses, very softly, "Good."

I am afraid to be a rose!
This little sphere wherein I wait,
Curled up and small and delicate,
Lets in a twilight of pure green,
Wherein are dreams of night and morn
And the sweet stillness of a world
Where all things are that are unborn.

Old Roses, "Better to be born."

I cannot be a bud for long.
My sheath is like a heart full blown,
And I, the silence of a song
Withdrawn into that heart alone,
Well knowing that it shall be sung.
Outside the great world comes and goes—
I think I doubt, to be a rose—

Old Roses, "Doubt? To be a Rose!"

We do not find the name either of Mr. Moody or of Mr. Charles E. Russell in the recent volume of 'Hoosier Poets,' but both may well add to that prestige which has been claimed justly of late for Indiana authors; Mr. Moody having been born there, and Mr. Russell publishing there his book entitled 'Such Stuff as Dreams' (Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill). The collection contains many strong poems of travel and of war, several graceful and tender ones addressed to a child called "Barbara," seven sonnets portraying Julia Marlowe in different characters, and a brave protest against the Boer war, with nothing, however, about the Philippines. There is a fine ode on the sixty-second birthday of Swinburne, and the author cannot even use the form of stanza called the "Roundel" without paying a tribute to his master. In the note he says:

"I have no right, I think, to make use of this stanza without acknowledgment and humble apologies afar off to the great singer that has endowed English poetry with this and so many other stanzaic forms. But no words of mine could suffice to recount the world's indebtedness to the greatest English singer and greatest English soul since Shelley, the master musician and master mind of modern song, Algernon Charles Swinburne."

This is the Roundel in question (p. 121):

AT THUN.

So faint and sweet about the woven trees
I know at Thun the waves of music beat.
Alas! I hear no other melodies
So faint and sweet.

Across the little lake with glimmering feet
The new moon slips, her shadowy draperies
Streaming behind her in her swift retreat.

Now as her last bright glimmerings shine and cease
I know just how along the lonely street
One footstep falls like rain on summer seas,
So faint and sweet.

Still another Indianapolis poet, if the place of publication selected by him affords any test, is Edward Uffington Valentine, whose 'Ship of Silence, and Other Poems' (Bowen-Merrill) strikes the reader as a little immature, and often suggestive of the rather florid style of Mr. James Lane Allen, to whom the book is dedicated. Mr. Valentine has a dangerous gift of language, fashioning his own condensed epithets, sometimes admirable, sometimes questionable, as in the following poem (p. 13), where the "dervish rounds" of the leaves is excellent, as is also "the tawny lamp-flame tugs its wick," while "flexile flames" is perhaps too alliterative for strength, and "garth" too essentially local to be quite justified:

HELEN.

She sits within the wide oak hall,
Hung with trophies of the chase,—
Helen, a stately maid and tall,
Dark-haired and pale of face;
With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,
Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,
The leaves are at their dervish rounds,
The flexile flames upon the hearth
Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.
The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;
Its red light fawns as she lets fall
Escalloped pine cones, dried and brown,
From loose, white hands, till up and down
The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp-flame tugs its wick;
Upon the landing of the stair
The ancient clock is heard to tick
In shadows dark as Helen's hair;

. . . . . .

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The dying embers leap, and lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind leashed without,
I hear the conquering Argives' shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

Next after Indiana, San Francisco has seemed for a few years to be the home of poets, and the latest of these, Lorenzo Sosso, is one of those who show the current tendency of poetry to draw its materials from science rather than from Scripture. His book is entitled 'In the Realms of Gold: A Book of Verse, 1891-1901' (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard). The following illustrates the strength and imaginative quality which come from this scientific source (p. 48):

AN EARTH-SONG.

I whirl along—I work and weave,
My dole of labor I receive
From lords of day and night:
The centuries come, the centuries pass,
They are but as the summer grass
That withers in my sight.

. . . . . .

I whirl along—From every field
Men reap the harvests that I yield,
My life is in the seed.
I feast alike on flesh and fruit,
The Lord of all things absolute
Provideth for my need.

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I whirl along—The lightnings fail
To pierce the heavy coat of mail
Around me loosely cast.
The earthquakes scarcely stir from sleep
The mighty monsters which I keep
Within my caverns vast.

. . . . . .

Strange comets ply their shuttles swift,
Derelict orbs before me drift
Upon vast seas of flame.
And myriads, myriads more than these
Are rushing onward on those seas
For which I have no name.

Onward by some deep current swept,
Faithful His mandates have I kept,
What the Lord gives I give:
I am the grave as well as womb,
I am the cradle and the tomb
Of all that breathe and live.

There is much of domestic tenderness and simple affection in this book, besides the imaginative quality.

Another well-known San Francisco writer, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, already well known as the best translator of the French Heredia, sends a pamphlet of his own, full of thoughtful meditations in verse, called 'Into the Light' (Elder & Shepard).

What is the quality which separates Chicago from Indiana and San Francisco? Certainly a little more roughness of treatment and a greater variety of theme; subjects drawn from Boston with Holmes and Lowell, from Concord with Thoreau and Emerson, from Springfield with Emily Dickinson; and still the return to Chicago. This is the way in which that city's children woo her. Or at least, this is what we find in 'Songs, and Other Fancies,' by Henry D. Muir (Chicago: Published by the Author, p. 97):

CHICAGO.

With those who blame their gods for some ill chance,
And rail unwittingly along the dark,
Stood I, Chicago! and thy faults were stark
Before mine eyes—thy giant arrogance,
The lewdness of thy postures and thy glance,
Thy brutal, stolid creed, thy sordid arc
Of widening unrest—these I did mark;
Then hurled at thee my curse, as poisoned lance.

But when, on distant levels of the plain,
I mused amid the snapping mongrel crew;
And saw thee bend not, for complete disdain,
One mighty sinew from its purpose true,
But rearing proud and stalwart,—then, I knew
Thy face in truth; I was thy son again.

The last sixty pages of the book are occupied by what the author himself felicitously described as "Chop Sooy, being a rather incongruous mixture of allegory, fable, satire, metaphysics, and sheer nonsense," the last predominating. The lines are rhymeless and measureless, like condensed fragments of Whitman; and the keynote of the thought is drawn apparently from the German Nietzsche.

Mr. John Vance Cheney is another resident of Chicago, and his name is well known among those of American poets. The title 'Lyrics' (Boston: Birchard) seems to us peculiarly non-descriptive of his poems, since, whatever else they do, they do not exactly sing themselves as does, for instance, much that is otherwise nonsensical or valueless in Poe. In a short poem like the following, we see Mr. Cheney at his best (p. 48):

THE IMMORTALITY OF MIGHT.

The brazen gate, the tower proud,
And haughty wall are as the cloud;
Kings, kingdoms—as a dream they pass,
They are as wind-waves on the grass.

Passes the last remembrancer
To tell us that the mighty were;
In death's one trench shall Shakespeare lie,
The common night close Cæsar's eye.

Believe it not. Once might has birth,
It dwells for ever in the earth.
Does glory flame, there Shakespeare is;
Cæsar strives yet—that wreath is his.

The alleged revival of interest in Sir Walter Scott is perhaps responsible for a thick volume of narrative verse based on the legends of Lake Champlain, Lake George, and Fort Ticonderoga. The introduction is in a tumid style, not inappropriate to the whimsical title of the book, 'Ye Mountaineer,' by Bingham Thoburn Wilson (Neely). He has attributed to his characters, he tells us, local names which will "prove an interesting puzzle in the location of historic parallels which are identical with these fictitious personages," and he had previously discussed the book "in a party of gentlemen, among whom were two former identures of New York city publishers." What "identures" are, does not appear, but they advised against it. Nevertheless, the aim of the book seems to us unexceptionable, the pleasing jingle of the "Lady of the Lake" is easily caught, and we can only hope that the next work by this laborious author may be more mature and less imitative.

Passing to what we take to be a Virginian atmosphere—though with a Boston publisher—we find grace and sweetness, not unmingled with strength, in a little volume called 'The Watchers of the Hearth,' by Benjamin Sledd (The Gorham Press). There is a glimpse of real power in the following (p. 26):

THE SOUTH-SEA WATCH.

"The horror of a night watch on the beach!"
—Letter from the Philippines.

Is this the end of his dreams? pacing this lonely shore,
With the strange, dark land behind, and the unknown sea before;
And the land so still in its sorrow, and the sea so loud in its grief,
The myriad moan of the sands, and the long, deep roar of the reef;
And somewhere far in the darkness, for ever high over it all—
Like the voice of one forsaken—the buoy's lone, wailing call.

. . . . . .

And, lo, across the moonlight phantom caravels go,
Bearing the white man's lust, and the long, long years of woe—
The years of rapine and slaughter the patient land has known,
Till the hands that have sown the whirlwind must reap of the seed they have sown.

And all around in the darkness, voices lament and weep—
The mighty shades of heroes swarming up from their unknown sleep
In the gloom of the primal forest, in the vasty holds of the deep—
The dauntless spirits who followed those quests of glory and gain,
Lighting in blood-stained splendor the deathless name of Spain.

But the midnight vision passes, and the sea breaks forth in its grief—
The myriad moans of the sands and the long, deep roar of the reef,
And somewhere far in the darkness, for ever high over it all—
Like the voice of one forsaken—the buoy's lone, wailing call.

The Victoria History of the Counties of England. Norfolk. Vol. I. Edited by H. Arthur Doubleday. Westminster: Archibald Constable; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The important project which this title recalls must be already familiar to many of our readers. It was a piece of literary gossip some years ago that a vast history of the English counties was in preparation, and more than one volume of the work is now in the hands of subscribers. We have received the first of the six volumes which will be devoted to Norfolk, and though this forms too slight a basis for a general appreciation of the series, we shall make it an excuse for saying a few words about the scheme at large.

There is reasonable ground for the prediction that the Victoria History, when completed, will bear comparison with the 'Oxford Dictionary' or the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' We refer, of course, to the scope of the enterprise and to thoroughness of execution. To be sure, it is local, whereas these other works have a universal value to all who use the English tongue. But if it makes its appeal to a smaller circle of readers, it can lay claim to a certain proud distinction, to a certain "splendid isolation," by virtue of its extreme magnificence and costliness. Altogether there will be two hundred volumes, one hundred and sixty being devoted to text and the remainder to genealogies. The published price of the whole set will be, for the United States, more than three thousand dollars, so that the general editor, Mr. Arthur Doubleday, may well exclaim with Ozymandias: "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"

It is not necessary that we should attempt to criticise the older county histories of England at any length. Some of them—like Surtees's 'Durham,' Ormerod's 'Cheshire,' Hasted's 'Kent,' and Blomefield's 'Norfolk'—are in a certain sense classics. They, too, have become expensive by being rare, and comparatively few of the forty counties have local annalists that take rank with those whose works have just been mentioned. Moreover, the improved methods and facilities for research which have come into being since Blomefield and Surtees wrote, affect the county and township no less than they do the kingdom. Any one who has followed closely the course of Domesday studies during the last generation will recognize a vast difference. The training which sufficed an antiquary in 1850 no longer answers now. Local history assumes new meaning when it is brought into line with the whole course of constitutional development, of national evolution. Ever since the days when Stubbs published his justly celebrated opus, the constitutional historian (of the Norman period at least) has been forced to make himself in part antiquary. The writings of Maitland and Round show how less and greater, local and national, are drawing together.

Every reason exists, then, for the preparation of a new, comprehensive, and cooperative history of the English counties. A few of the shires may lose their privileged distinction of being much better represented than their neighbors, but we can see no other objection to the present enterprise than this, unless it be a form of publication which places the work beyond the reach of all but the very rich. A great conception having been grasped, the essential thing was to secure a strong staff of contributors. As we have said before, there is every ground to suppose that thorough workmanship will be put into each volume. We have before us a list of those who have consented to act on the Advisory Council, and if names mean anything the work has powerful guarantees. After four dukes come Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, Lord Dillon, President of the Society of Antiquaries; Lord Acton and Mr. York Powell, the two Regius professors of history; Sir E. M. Thompson, Director of the British Museum; Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte, Keeper of the Public Records; Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery; Prof. Ray Lankester, Director of the Natural History Museum, etc. Besides leading peers and prominent officials the list takes in Mr. J. H. Round, Mr. Walter Rye, and Mr.

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W. H. St. John Hope, who are known to all students of English local history as antiquaries of the first rank. Out of regard to space we shall refrain from quoting the names of the Sectional Editors, "who will coöperate with local workers in every case." They, as also the Records Committee and the Architectural Committee, are specialists of the highest authority in their respective fields.

To resume, this great undertaking is being prosecuted under the most favorable circumstances that could be imagined. Doubtless it will be a history for the squire as well as for the student, but the pedigrees are being put in separate volumes, and it may be expected that mere ancestor worship will be reduced to a minimum. What the real objects are may be gathered best from the following statement, which occurs in the general advertisement:

"The Victoria History will trace, county by county, the story of England's growth from its prehistoric condition, through the barbarous age, the settlement of alien peoples, and the gradual welding of many races into a nation which is now the greatest on the globe. All the phases of ecclesiastical history; the changes in land tenure; the records of historic and local families; the history of the social life and sports of the villages and towns; the development of art, science, manufactures, and industries—all these factors, which tell of the progress of England from primitive beginnings to large and successful empire, will find a place in the work, and their treatment be intrusted to those who have made a special study of them."

Most of the counties will receive four volumes each. Bedford and Rutland fall below this number, while Norfolk rises to six volumes and Yorkshire to eight. The first instalment which has reached us is Norfolk, Volume I. In its mechanical features it is as handsome as one might expect, from the price, that it would be. Being first in its own series, it is largely given up to Natural History and Zoölogy. After the mammals have been disposed of and towards the close of the volume, Early Man comes in, to be followed by essays on Romano-British Remains and Anglo-Saxon Remains. Since it would be unsatisfactory to deal with a sixth (and a preliminary sixth), we shall defer our particular notice of 'Norfolk' until further volumes have appeared. In the meantime, we may say once more that the Victoria History promises to be a sumptuous, scholarly, and monumental production.

History of Lace. By Mrs. Bury Palliser. Revised and enlarged edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

It is nearly thirty years since Mrs. Palliser published her 'History of Lace,' and it is still the classic of the subject. But in thirty years the conditions of lacemaking have greatly changed, while the art itself has had many developments. The revised edition will be welcome to all lace collectors, and to many more who love lace without knowing much about it. New chapters on Cretan and Sicilian laces have been added, and in many sections the book has been practically rewritten.

Lace-making is a comparatively modern industry. The Greeks knew nothing of it; and the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Jews produced skilful embroiderers, but no lacemakers. It is to the "cut-work" or open-work embroidery, which came into universal use in the sixteenth century, that we must look for the origin of lace. The first lace was called "passement," and the term was retained till the middle of the seventeenth century, when the word "dentelle" came into vogue, from the fashion of making "passement" with a toothed edge. Still we find, among the articles furnished to Mary Stuart in 1567, "une pacque de petite dentelle," the only use of the word in her wardrobe accounts.

Lace is properly divided into "point" and "pillow" (or, more correctly, "bobbin") lace. The term "point" should be restricted to lace made by the needle on a parchment pattern, but it has been much misapplied. From the specimens of Venice point of the seventeenth century that survive and are reproduced in Mrs. Palliser's book, we see how rapidly the art developed. When, in the middle of that century, the famous French Minister, Colbert, whose name will always be associated with the spread of the industry in France, established a manufactory for the "points de France," there followed a general awakening of the art throughout Europe. From this time we see flourishing side by side and in keen competition the laces of Venice, Brussels, Spain, Valenciennes, and Mechlin. A French edict of 1613 against superfluity in dress prohibits the use of all "passement de Milan" under a penalty of 1,000 livres; and from that time, down to the innovation of machine-made lace, the history of the art is the story of the long and usually futile struggle of the lacemakers against sumptuary laws, protective duties, and last, but not least, the vagaries of fashion. Of all trades the lace trade has been the most evanescent. But though it frequently slumbers, it never dies. Commercial crises and revolutions may check it, as at Lille and Arras in 1848. The lacemakers of Chantilly, once so renowned for its black laces, perished on the scaffold with their aristocratic patrons in 1793, and two centuries earlier a sumptuary law killed the trade in central France. But at all points the trade has revived from time to time. To-day France makes more lace than any other country, and supports half the lacemakers of Europe. In earlier times lace received the stamp of the special style of each country. Italy produced Venetian and Genoese points; the Netherlands was famed for Brussels, Mechlin, and Valenciennes; Spain for silk blondes; England for Honiton; France for "point d'Alençon," the only French lace not made with bobbins on a pillow. But in these days every style is copied by almost every nation. Even in 1680, in a discourse on trade that bears the significant title "Britannia Languens," we read that the laces called "points de Venise come mostly from France, and amount to a vast sum yearly."

The most durable of all laces is the "point d'Alençon." It is the only lace in which horsehair is introduced along the edge; and it is related of a collar made for Louis XIII. that the laceworkers, unable to find horsehair sufficiently fine, used their own hair instead. The manufacture of Alençon was almost extinct when Napoleon revived it, but the industry collapsed with the Empire. A dress composed of two flounces of this "point," costing 85,000 francs, was exhibited in 1867; it took forty women seven years to make, and came from Bayeux, now the centre of the industry in France.

Evidences of the lace fabric appear in Italy as early as the fifteenth century, and the Italians claim the invention of "point," or needle-made, lace. The Venetians were especially famous for their points, but the art had gradually died out when in 1872 an exceptionally severe winter drove the people of Burano to return to their neglected industry. The lace school founded in that year opened with eight pupils, who were paid to attend; in 1897 it had four hundred skilled workers. Burano prides itself on needlepoint. Meanwhile, Cavaliere Jesurum opened a school for bobbin-lace on the Lido, and about 3,000 women are now employed on that branch of the trade in Venice and the islands.

The lace industry was brought to Devonshire by Flemish refugees who fled from the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. In the seventeenth century, and for long afterwards, lace was the most important English manufacture next to woollens. The thread used for Honiton came from Antwerp, and cost 100 guineas per pound; the price of the lace being proportionately high. After the French Revolution, came the fashion of classical dress, which does not encourage lace, and the trade languished. When, however, Queen Adelaide ordered a dress to be made of Honiton sprigs, all to be copied from nature, she gave the industry an impetus that has lasted to the present day. The wedding lace of Queen Victoria was made in Devonshire, and the bridal dresses of all the English princesses have since been made of Honiton point. There are now no varieties of lace that the women of Devonshire are unable to reproduce. But, naturally, the art is threatened by the competition of machine-made lace, and the temptation to make the cheaper kinds has done much to degrade the manufacture.

Mrs. Palliser's book contains a short chapter on the history of machine-made lace, which is, of course, a thing apart; a useful glossary of terms employed by the lacemakers; and a most valuable bibliography and index. The work is most complete, and the illustrations are excellent. Occasionally we could wish for more information about the actual conditions of lace-making in certain sections at the present day; but in most cases the book has been brought up to date. We have not found any mention of the lace made in the Azores, which is certainly rather curious than attractive.

Ellen Terry and her Sisters. By T. Edgar Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

Mr. Pemberton is an expert in that particular branch of theatrical biography which is recognized, by the initiated, as part of the regular machinery of the box-office, although not openly connected with it. He is a chronicler who would have delighted the sensitive, egotistical soul of Charles Kean; a diligent and not unskilful purveyor of honeyed compliment, but ever blind to any imperfection that might mar the perfect symmetry of his idol. Not that he is guilty of the grosser flatteries and reckless inventions that are the stock in trade of the hired press agent—he is too judicious and, perhaps, too sincere a work-

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man for that; but his enthusiasm is so excessive that it permits no qualification of his praise, and his book, in effect, is one long and indiscriminate eulogy; exceedingly agreeable reading, doubtless, for the chief subject of it and her many friends, but otherwise, except as a record of her professional life, pretty nearly valueless.

This being the case, it is not necessary to discuss it very seriously or minutely. As biography it makes no pretence to either fulness or accuracy. It does not, for instance, contain even an allusion to George Frederick Watts, an omission sufficiently suggestive of its general character. As a history of the achievements of the remarkable Terry family, it is worth a place on all theatrical book-shelves. There are few more striking instances of an hereditary talent, which is now beginning to manifest itself in the third generation. The word talent is used advisedly, for it is questionable whether any member of the group can lay claim to the supreme gift of genius, which implies a wider power of imagination and interpretation than the most successful of them have revealed. That Ellen Terry, within a certain and by no means narrow range, is an actress of exquisite skill and extraordinary personal fascination, nobody will dispute. Her many triumphs attest the fact. Her *Portia*, her *Beatrice*, her *Ophelia*, her *Queen Henrietta*, and her *Olivia* would insure her a place in the front rank if she had done nothing else; but her limitations are as marked as her abilities, and were revealed clearly enough in *Juliet*, *Lady Macbeth*, and *Katharine*. One would think, from a perusal of Mr. Pemberton's rapturous pages, that she was equally great in all, and that her acting was the main foundation upon which the fame of the London Lyceum was reared. And yet there are many old playgoers who hold that her sister Kate, whom they fondly remember as *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, and *Blanche de Nevers* in "The Duke's Motto," was a finer actress than she, with profounder and truer emotional power, and scarcely inferior grace. Even to-day there are persons who maintain that in her own line of character Marion Terry controls chords of emotion which Ellen cannot sound. That the latter is the most popular English-speaking actress of her time—not forgetting Mrs. Kendal—is a proposition which might be supported at least with plausibility, but none of these clever women has ever rivalled or essayed the flights sustained by Adelaide Neilson, Helena Modjeska, Fanny Janauschek, Helen Faucit, Charlotte Cushman, or Clara Morris, in all of whom there was the unmistakable glow of the divine fire.

The book, however, is, in more senses than one, a handsome and by no means undeserved tribute to players who have contributed largely to the intelligent entertainment of the Anglo-Saxon community, and have been closely associated with much of the best work done on the modern stage. It contains, also, for those who will read it aright, the salutary moral that thorough training and arduous labor are no less essential than natural capacity to those who would reach the topmost rungs of the ladder of theatrical fame. The powers of all the Terrys were developed by long years of assiduous and humble practice in every variety of drama. Ellen learned some of her first and, doubtless, most valuable, lessons when, in the impressionable hours of childhood, she took part in the Shaksperian pageants of Charles Kean, who, if never a great actor, was a most accomplished and conscientious manager, well versed in all the traditions of the old legitimate school. To the experience gained then she probably owes much of her graceful mastery of theatrical art, the picturesque poses, the free, eloquent, and charming gestures, the incessant vitality, and the musical diction that enabled her in her prime to succeed to the parts once filled by Ellen Tree, and become a fitting mate for Henry Irving (a much bigger man than Charles Kean) in the glories of the London Lyceum.

Studies in Music. Edited by Robin Grey. Scribners.

A fine portrait of Brahms (he was a handsome man) adorns the collection of papers on various musical topics brought together in this volume. They first appeared in the *Musician* (London), and were well worth preserving in permanent form. The place of honor is given to the late Philip Spitta's article on Brahms. It is commonly assumed that Brahms is a follower of Schumann. In Spitta's opinion, these composers "are as totally unlike as two artists with a common view of art can possibly be." He mentions as one of the leading characteristics of Brahms "a dislike for purely emotional music," and in this respect he certainly was unlike Schumann. "Brahms is rarely pleasing," the author writes; "he has not even Schumann's heartfelt quality." That "even" is rather amusing; for music which is not heartfelt is not worth having, except for pedagogic purposes. It seemingly did not occur to Spitta that, in making such an admission, and adding that "His warmth is in reserve; his tenderness is shy of coming forward, and is apt to restrict itself to the briefest possible expression," he relegates his idol among the minor deities. It may be admitted that Brahms introduced novel harmonic features by reverting to the methods of the sixteenth century and consciously using the Dorian mode; also, that he showed a wealth of fancy in his treatment of the form of variations. But as a writer of songs and symphonies Spitta overrates him; and when he asserts that "Brahms won for the waltz its restoration to a place in the higher ranks of music," we wonder if he ever heard of Frédéric Chopin.

Two other modern composers—César Franck and Vincent d'Indy—are eulogized, by Guy de Ropartz and Hugues Imbert, respectively. It is to be feared that their pleadings will prove in vain, even though M. Ropartz closes his article by citing Arthur Coquard's assertion that "Franck's place in the history of music is beside Bach." Bach is discussed as an organist by Widor, and as a victim of contemporary criticism by J. S. Shedlock. What Claude Phillips says about "The Conception of Love in Wagner's Dramas," and Gabriel D'Annunzio about "Tristan and Isolde" is worth reading, though no new points of view are disclosed.

Of special interest is an article by A. J. Jaeger on "Wagner in London in 1855," which is based on letters to Wesendonck, and adds some significant details to those given in the correspondence with Liszt for our knowledge of Wagner's experiences in London during the four months he spent there because he could not resist the temptation of earning the munificent sum of $1,000 (or about half as much as a great Wagner tenor now gets for one evening) by four months' work as conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra. "I have no business to be here;" he writes; and after the performance of a "Lohengrin" fragment:

"I felt this time especially, with deep sorrow, how sad it is for me to have to come before the public always with such very meagre extracts from this work. I appeared quite absurd to myself, because I know how little people can learn about me and my works from this poor little 'sample card,' with which I'm travelling about like a *commis voyageur*. And thus I spend my best years, with my artistic activity completely hindered as regards my coming before the public."

With the Londoners of half a century ago Wagner had little in common; nor did he try to conceal the fact:

"Anything more objectionable than the real, genuine English type I cannot conceive. The prevailing type is that of the sheep; and the Englishman's practical sense is as sure as is the instinct of a sheep for finding his fodder in the meadow. . . . . The people are as pleased with the dullest stuff as with my music; and quite as much as my own performances, they applaud, on the following day, performances of the most atrocious kind. . . . Well, everything will turn out all right, and I shall bring 1,000 francs with me. . . . This much is certain. I am not in the world to earn money, but to create, and the world should see to it that I can do this *undisturbed*. . . . Well, I have committed a folly, and however hard it may be for me, I have decided to hold out to please my wife, who otherwise would be greatly troubled. . . . My sojourn in London has been very detrimental to my work. It has put me back almost a year, as my spirit is now so exhausted that for the rest of the year I must be satisfied if it proves equal to 'Die Walküre.'"

Of the remaining articles in this suggestive volume the most interesting relate to "The Art of Pantomime Ballet" and "The Libretto of the Future," both of which should be read and pondered by creative as well as by performing musicians.

The Story of the Vine. By Edward R. Emerson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902. 8vo, pp. 252.

For a diner with Duke Humphrey and a pint of red wine this volume may serve to enliven his repast, and can be agreeably read through in the sitting. It runs on like a brook in springtime, busy in an idle way, and plentiful of those anecdotes of which nobody with any pretension to wine-wisdom can decently be ignorant. It runs on without cessation or stint in its aqueous stream, unchoked by hard facts, its limpidity unmuddled by any ideas but the simplest. That we should do well to drink, in careful moderation, of pure and good American wines, that American wine-growers should strive for quality and not be too much in haste to make money, are the chief burdens of its song. The author seems to have lent his European trips an interest by occupying himself with the study of œnology, and, without troubling us with technical details, he distils for us the moral of his experience. He is quite confident that there is no better cure for the dram-drinking habit than the use of pure and wholesome wine. He remarks how

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the population of the Moselle valley believe in the health-giving quality of their wines, which they drink so copiously, and reminds us that the most celebrated of their *crus* (and we may add the least obtainable) owes its name, the Berncastler Doctor, to that faith. Beside that fact he might have noted the cautiousness with which the neighboring Burgundians taste of their richer vintages. It is enough to walk along the streets of Macon or Dijon to be persuaded that the most delicious wines are not always the most innocuous. They are too high and good for human nature's daily food. As a rule, expensive wines enjoy great renown for their wholesomeness; but perhaps the two facts that one does not drink them unmeasured, and that after them one does not relish an inferior wine, have had their influence on this dogma.

The principal question about any book is how far it accomplishes its purpose. This one is, like a light wine, intended chiefly to be agreeable and wholesome enough; and these ends it fully attains. It has as much body as Moselblümchen. Nobody ought to require great accuracy of statement or thought in such a work. One can be assured that it contains entertaining matter, and that nothing of that sort has been ruled out without a better reason than that its connection with the vine is slender.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. Lec at Appomattox, and Other Papers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Annual of the British School at Athens. No. vii. Macmillan.
An Onlooker's Notebook. Harpers. $2.25.
Arnold-Foster, E. P. The Poems of Schiller. H. Holt & Co. $1.60.
Balfour, James. The Foundations of Belief. Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.
Ball, F. K. The Elements of Greek. Macmillan. $1.
Beard, S. H. A Comprehensive Guide-Book to Natural, Hygienic, and Humane Diet. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Bell-Ranske, Jutta. Health, Speech, and Song. London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Boutwell, G. S. Reminiscences of Sixty Years in Public Affairs. 2 vols. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Brodrick, M., and Morton, A. A. A Concise Dictionary of Egyptian Archæology. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Brown, Valentine. Armageddon. Portland (Ore.): Valentine Brown.
Brown, W. G. The Lower South in American History. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bury, J. B. A History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great. 2 vols. Macmillan. 25s.
Carmichael, Montgomery. The Lady Poverty. London: John Murray; New York: Tennant & Ward.
Carpenter, Edward. Iolaüs: An Anthology of Friendship. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. $1.75.
Carpenter, Edward. Love's Coming-of-Age. Chicago: Stockham Pub. Co. $1.
Cheyne, T. K., and Black, J. S. Encyclopædia Biblica, Vol. III.: L to P. Macmillan.
Clapp, H. A. Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Cobb, S. H. The Rise of Religious Liberty in America. Macmillan. $4.
Cody, Sherwin. Selections from the World's Greatest Short Stories. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Colby, F. M., Peck, H. T., and Engle, E. L. The International Year Book. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Davenport, J. G. The Fulfilment, or a Church at Work. E. P. Dutton & Co. 40c.
Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago: (1) Hammond, Eleanor P. On the Text of Chaucer's Parlement of Foules; (2) Michelson, A. E. The Velocity of Light. Chicago: University Press.
De Windt, Harry. Finland as It Is. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Drude, Paul. The Theory of Optics. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.
Ellacombe, H. N. In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere. John Lane.
Eustis, Edith. Marion Manning: A Novel. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Ewing, Juliana H. Jackanapes and the Brownies. (Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15c.
Fairclough, H. R., and Murray, A. T. The Antigone of Sophocles. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Morgan Shepherd.
Foncin, Pierre. France. The International Pub. Co.
Foote, Mary H. The Desert and the Sown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Fox, Frances M. What Gladys Saw. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.25.
Funk, I. K., and Moses, M. J. (1) Standard First Reader; (2) Teachers' Manual for First Reader. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Galton, Arthur. Our Attitude towards English Roman Catholics and the Papal Court. London: Elliot Stock; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Gifford, John. Practical Forestry. D. Appleton & C. $1.20.
Gollancz, Hermann. The Ethical Treatises of Berachya. London: David Nutt. 21s.
Grant, W. D. Christendom Anno Domini MDCCCCI. 2 vols. Chauncey Holt.
Hall, Hubert. Court Life under the Plantagenets. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Hay, John. William McKinley: Memorial Address. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 28c.
Hazlitt, W. C. Shakespear. London: Bernard Quaritch; New York: Scribners. $2.50.
Hemstreet, Charles. When Old New York Was Young. Scribners. $1.50.
Herford, C. H. English Tales in Verse. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
Herford, Brooke. The Small End of Great Problems. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.60.
Higgin, L. Spanish Life in Town and Country. (Our European Neighbors.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Hosmer, J. K. The History of the Louisiana Purchase. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Hurd, A. S. Naval Efficiency. London: Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
Hurll, Estelle M. Van Dyck. (Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Johnson, R. U. Poems. Century Co. $1.20.
Joline, A. H. Meditations of an Autograph Collector. Harpers. $3.
Jonson, Ben. The Case is Altered. Chicago: The Chicago University Press.
Kirk, Ellen O. A Remedy for Love. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Kolbeck, Friedrich. Plattner's Manual of Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis with the Blowpipe. Translated by H. B. Cornwall and J. H. Caswell. New ed. D. Van Nostrand Co. $4.
Lindsay, B. The Story of Animal Life. D. Appleton & Co.
Mackinnon, James. The Growth and Decline of the French Monarchy. Longmans, Green & Co.
Maitland, J. A. F. English Music in the XIXth Century. (Music in the XIXth Century.) London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.
Mangasarian, M. M. A New Catechism. New ed. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Marion, Henri. L'Education des Jeunes Filles. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.
Marston, E. Sketches of Some Booksellers of the Time of Dr. Samuel Johnson. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.
Martin, W. Gerard Dou. Translated by Clara Bell. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Mason, James. The Principles of Chess. London: Horace Cox.
Mason, W. P. Water Supply. New ed. John Wiley & Sons. $4.
McCall, S. W. Daniel Webster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 80c.
Meisterbilder fürs deutsche Haus. Blätter 31-36. Munich: Georg D. W. Callwey. 25 pf. each.
Melvin, A. A. The Journal of James Melvin. Portland (Me.): Hubbard W. Bryant. $2.
Mercier, Charles. A Text-Book of Insanity. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Michaud, Henri. L'Idole. W. R. Jenkins.
Mudge, G. P. A Textbook of Zoölogy. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
Muzzey, D. S. Spiritual Heroes. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Myrtle, Frank. A Lawyer's Idle Hours. Published by the Author. 50c.
Paton, W. A. Sicilia Pittoresca. Milan: Remo Sandron.
Paulsen, Friedrich. Die deutschen Universitäten und das Universitätsstudium. Berlin: A. Asher & Co.
Phillips, D. G. Her Serene Highness. Harpers. $1.50.
Poems by Arthur Upson and George Norton Northrup. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.
Prescott, A. B., and Sullivan, E. C. First Book of Qualitative Chemistry. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50.
Pullen, Elisabeth. Mr. Whitman. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Report of the Earl of Durham. New ed. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Rhone, Rosamond D. The Days of the Son of Man. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Rood, H. E. Hardwicke. Harpers. $1.50.
Roosevelt, Theodore; Van Dyke, T. S.; Elliott, D. G., and Stone, A. J. The Deer Family. Macmillan. $2.
Rossetti, W. M. Gabrielle Rossetti. London: Sands & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Sapte, W., jr. By the Way Ballads. London: Sands & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Saunders, R. D. John Kenadie. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Searching for Truth. Peter Eckler. $1.50.
Sedgwick, W. T. Principles of Sanitary Science and the Public Health. Macmillan. $3.
Seebohm, Frederic. Tribal Custom in Anglo-Saxon Law. Longmans, Green & Co.
Shann, George. The Criterion of Scientific Truth. Cassell & Co.
Simpson, Carnegie. Love Never Faileth. Fleming H. Revell & Co. $1.25.
Spencer, Herbert. Facts and Comments. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Stokes, H. K. Chartered Banking in Rhode Island, 1791-1900. Providence: Published by the Author.
Sumichrast, F. C. de. The Works of Théophile Gautier. Vols. XV. and XVI. George D. Sproul.
The Sonnets of Shakespeare. John Lane.
The Story of Mary Maclane, by Herself. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Tilton, Dwight. Miss Petticoats. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co. $1.50.
Tolstoï, L. N. What is Religion? Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60c.
Townsend, E. W. Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. Century Co. $1.50.
Triggs, O. L. Chapters in the History of the Arts and Crafts Movement. Chicago: The Bohemia Guild of the Industrial Art League.
Trueba, Don Antonio de. El Mollinerillo, y Otros Cuentos. W. R. Jenkins.
Vanderpoel, Emily N. Color Problems. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Watt, Francis. Terrors of the Law. John Lane.
Whiteway, A. R. Recent Object-Lessons in Penal Science. London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Wright, W. J. P. Dante and the Divine Comedy. John Lane.

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